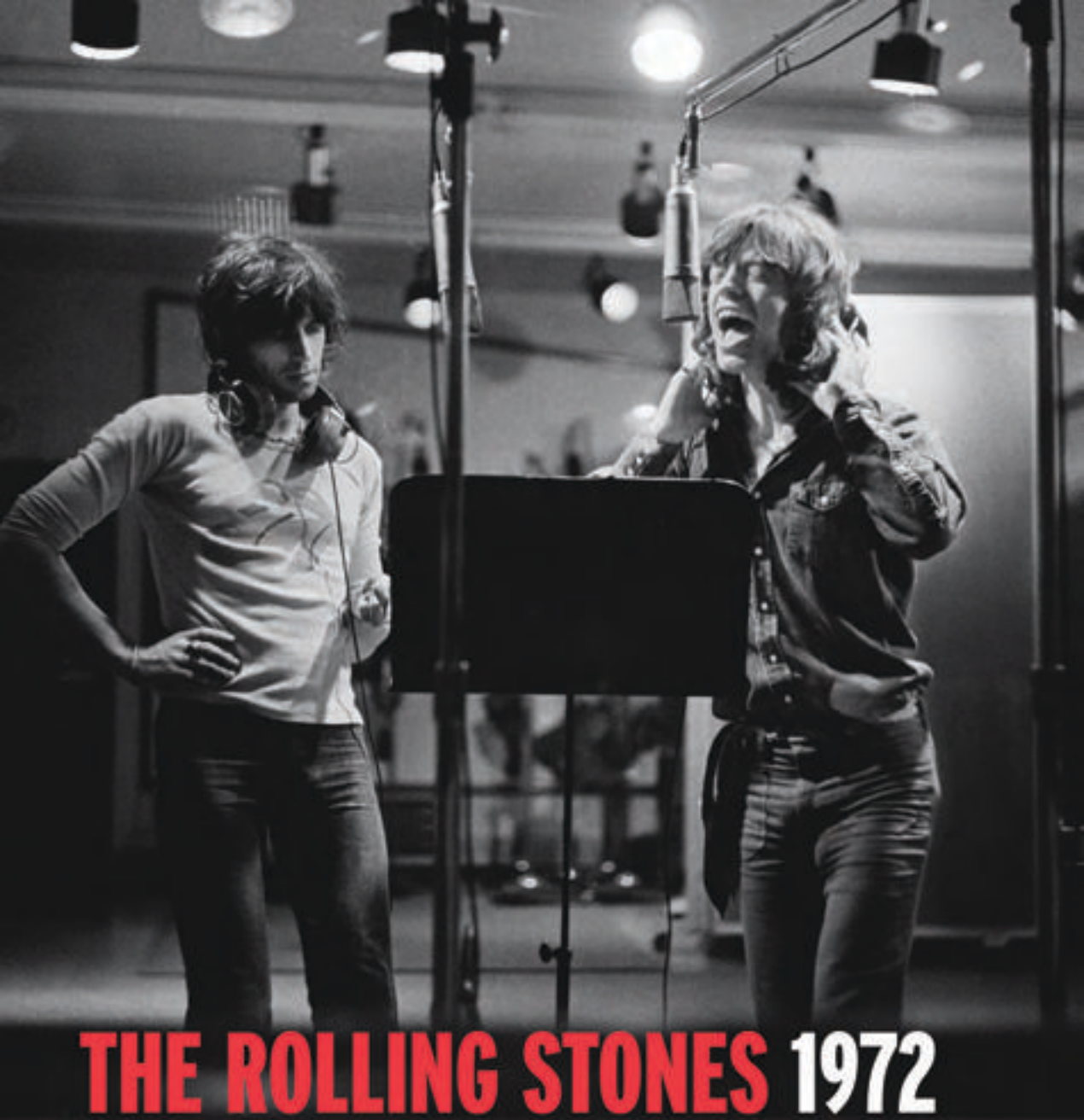

THE ROLLING STONES 1972

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM MARSHALL ★ FOREWORD BY KEITH RICHARDS

JIM MARSHALL

THE ROLLING STONES★1972

FOREWORD BY
KEITH RICHARDS

INTRODUCTION BY
JOEL SELVIN

EDITED BY
MICHELLE DUNN MARSH

CHRONICLE BOOKS
SAN FRANCISCO

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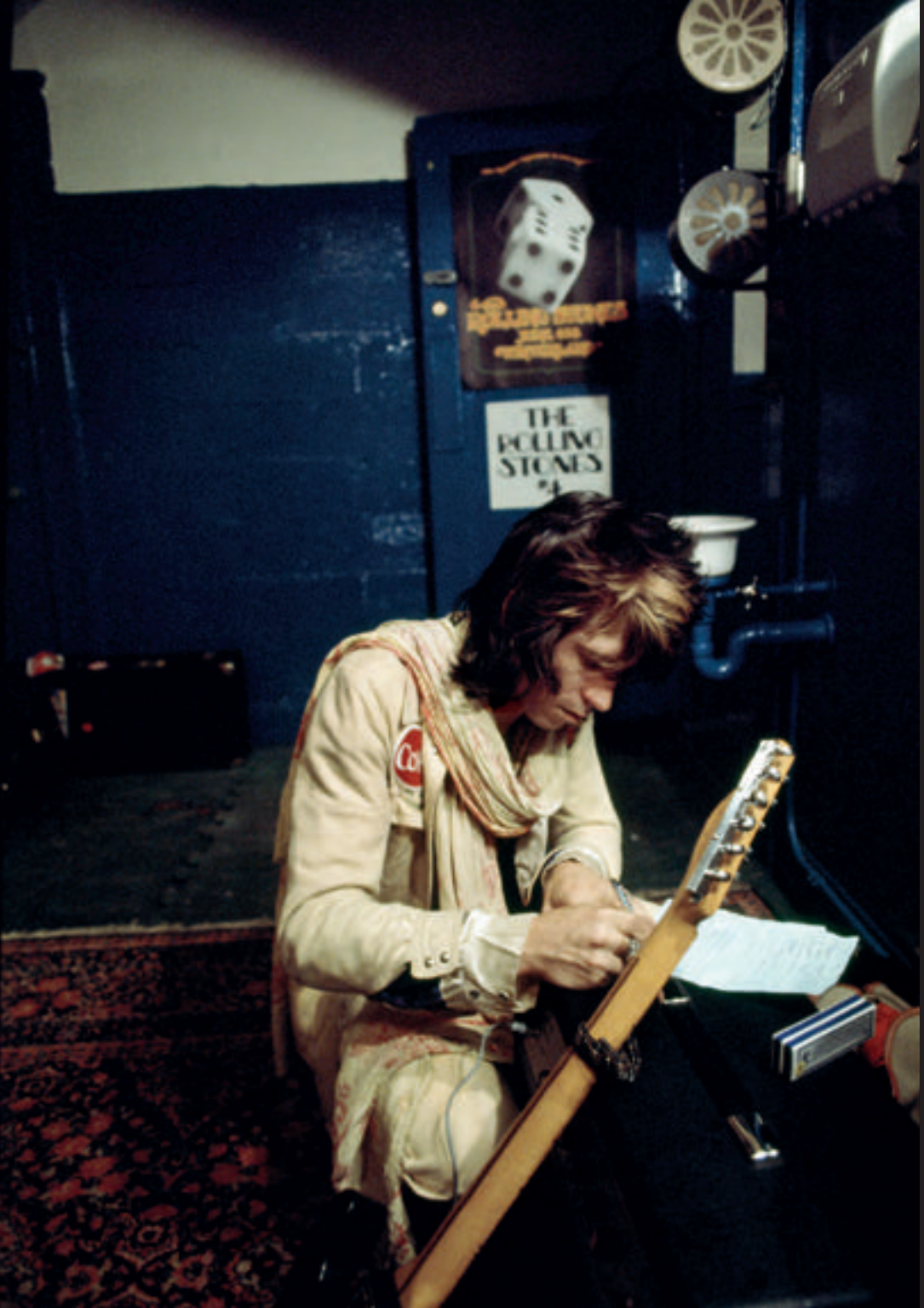
FOREWORD KEITH RICHARDS

JIM MARSHALL SAID IT ALL: IT'S A MATTER OF ACCESS. ONCE JIM WAS IN, HE WAS ANOTHER **STONE.** HE CAUGHT US WITH OUR TROUSERS DOWN AND GOT THE UPS AND DOWNS. I LOVE HIS WORK, WHICH MUST HAVE BEEN FRUSTRATING TO DO AT TIMES, BUT THAT IS WHAT HAPPENS ON GIGS LIKE THIS. WONDERFUL WORK, AND A GREAT GUY. HE HAD A WAY WITH THE SHUTTER AND AN AMAZING WAY WITH THE EYE!

–DECEMBER, 2011



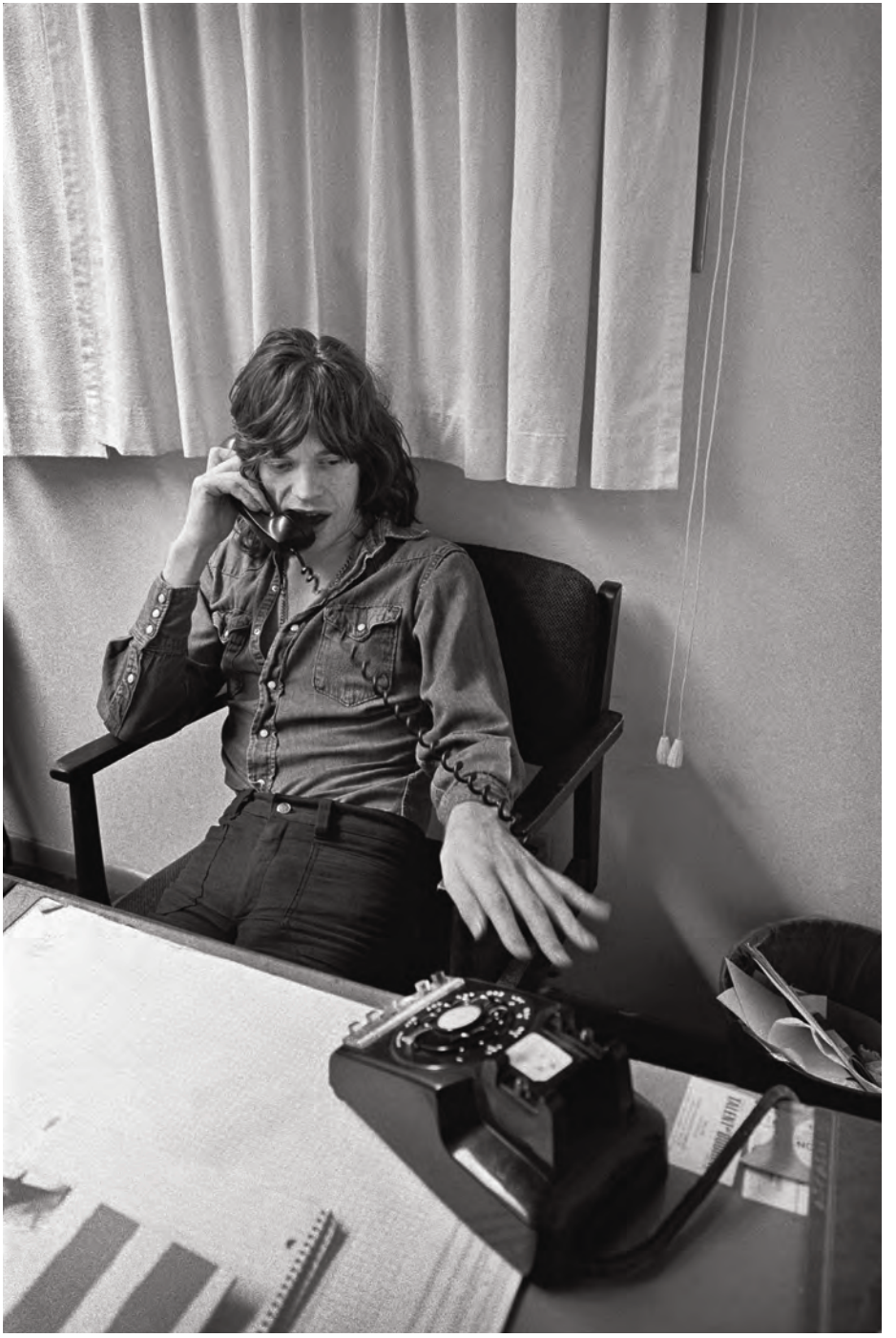
Keith Richards backstage at the Winterland, San Francisco, California.

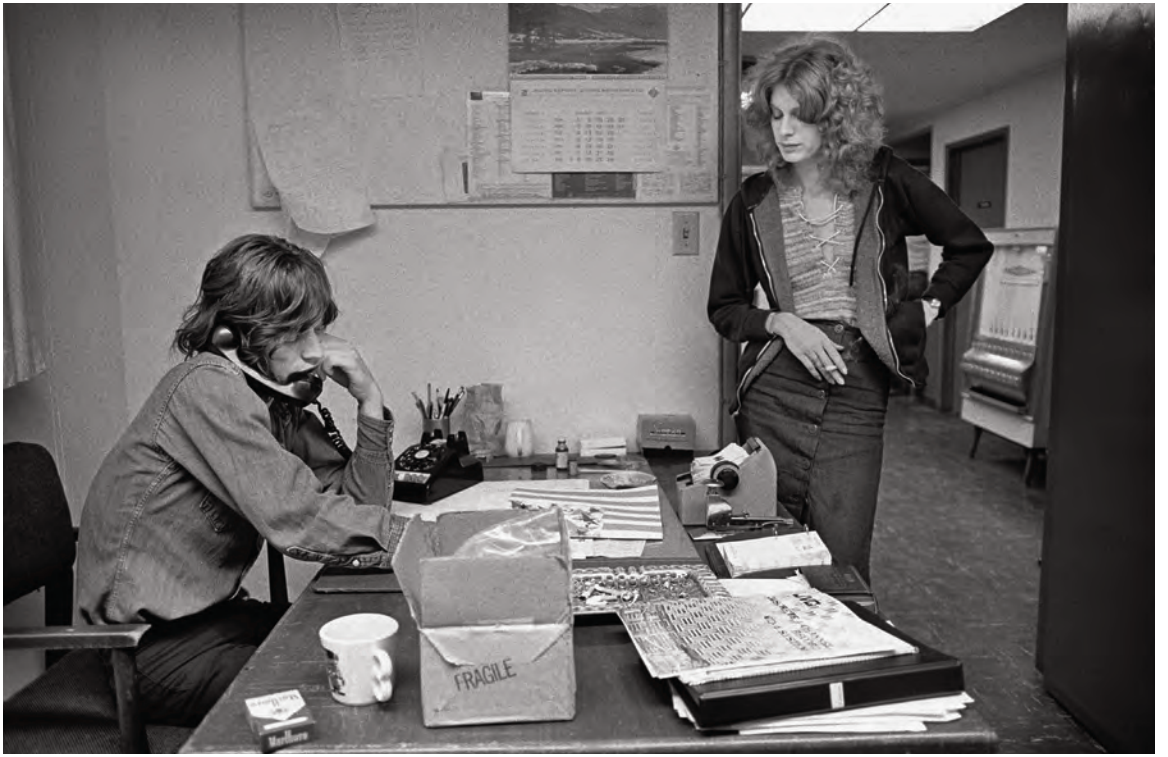
Mick Jagger at a publicity photo shoot, spring 1972, Los Angeles, California.

INTRODUCTION JOEL SELVIN

Summer, 1972—with the Beatles disintegrated and Bob Dylan semi-retired, the Rolling Stones stood, unchallenged, at the peak of the rock music world. Upstarts such as Led Zeppelin may have seized the day momentarily—"Stairway to Heaven" was ubiquitous that spring as the recently released *Led Zeppelin IV* settled into a five-year run on the charts—but the Stones still reigned supreme, exalted above all other rock stars. They had just released a two-record set in May, *Exile on Main Street*, that followed in the wake of three of the greatest rock albums ever—*Beggar's Banquet* (1968), *Let It Bleed* (1969), and *Sticky Fingers* (1971).

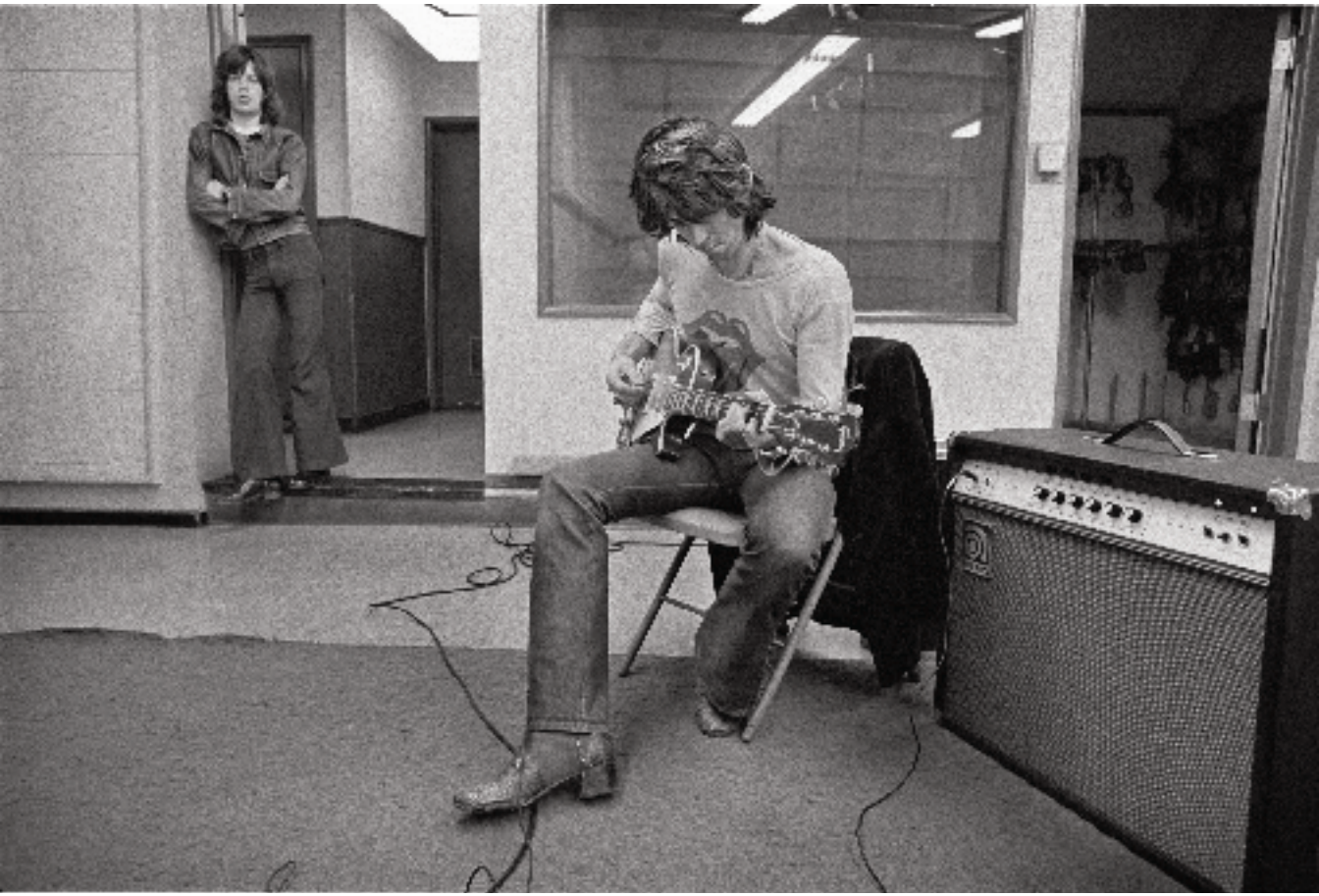
The Rolling Stones' cocaine- and tequila sunset–fueled 1972 tour would be rock's most glittering moment, with its four-million-dollar box office bigger than any before, and hangers-on the likes of best-selling author Truman Capote and Princess Lee Radziwill. The band's touring party on the private jet included its own doctor, trained in emergency medicine and always ready to write prescriptions, as well as photographer Robert Frank, who captured the mayhem on his Super 8 home movie cameras, edited into a never-released (but widely seen) feature film, *Cocksucker Blues*. There was Mick Jagger, ready for his close-up, and wasted Keith Richards, wearing a jacket with a Coke emblem and slouching under a sign reading "Patience Please . . . A Drug Free America Comes First!" for photographer Ethan Russell. Annie Leibovitz, writer Robert Greenfield, and others, including Jim Marshall, joined the tour at various stages. They dubbed themselves "STP"—Stones Touring Party—and adopted the stickers from the automotive oil additive with the same acronym, with its double meaning as slang for a popular hallucinogenic drug in the psychedelic underground. They were like a pirate crew where everyone had drunk more than his share of grog. This was rock and roll at its greatest.





Jagger with Chris O'Dell, production assistant for the 1972 tour. O'Dell started her career at Apple Records with the Beatles, and after the 1972 tour went on to work with Dylan; Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young; and Linda Ronstadt as one of the first female tour managers.

< Mick Jagger at Sunset Sound, spring 1972, Los Angeles, California.



Mick Jagger and Keith Richards at Sunset Sound doing post-production work on *Exile on Main Street*, spring 1972, Los Angeles, California.

The band recorded most of *Exile on Main Street* in the basement of Keith Richards's rented chateau in Nellcôte, France, working with producer Jimmy Miller, but retreated to Los Angeles to finish the album at Sunset Sound. That old studio in the middle of Hollywood, where Annette Funicello made all her records, was started in the fifties by Walt Disney's music maestro, Tutti Camarata. Elektra Records practically turned it into a house studio—the Doors made several albums there—but the Stones had also worked the room before, on sessions for *Beggar's Banquet*.

With the record due to be released in May and the eight-week, thirty-city tour set to start in June 1972, engineer Andy Johns spent many sleepless nights through the first three months of that year trying to bring the project across the finish line. Last-minute panic set in. The record went through a number of marathon remix sessions, overdubbing vocal parts and doing whatever might be needed to get the album out the door. On assignment for *Life* magazine, Jim Marshall traveled to Los Angeles and captured Mick and Keith lolling around the studio, also shooting a separate portrait session with Mick. These are precursors to the intimate backstage images Marshall captured from the tour itself.

This Stones tour pierced a veil for rock music. *Life* was mainstream press. The Rolling Stones had become famous beyond the subterranean cultural reaches of the rock-and-roll demimonde. Rock music itself was grandly ascendant, just beginning to flex its popular strength in those early post-Woodstock years, and the Rolling Stones were rock's biggest stars. This tour would be a victory lap under the brightest spotlight and upon the largest stage the Stones had ever known. Rock music would grow bigger, but it would never be greater than the Rolling Stones tour of America in 1972.

The tour began in Vancouver, Canada, where two thousand kids without tickets battled cops outside. The next night in Seattle, the band cut a few songs from the set and tightened up the show. Stevie Wonder was their opening act: a half-hour explosion of talent and soul from his opening drum solo to hopping off stage at the back of a conga line of tall, beautiful black female vocalists. The Stones cut their set down to under ninety minutes. After two successful shows in Seattle, the band was ready for San Francisco.

The taint of Altamont still lingered over the Stones, especially in the Bay Area. At the end of the 1969 tour, the band left town in a hurry after a planned free concert before an audience of near a half-million turned into a disaster. Members of the Hells

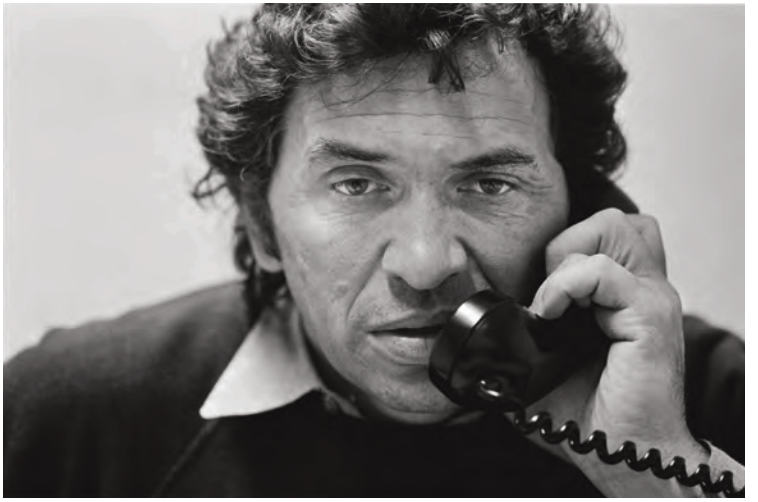
Angels motorcycle club, hired for $400 worth of beer to act as security guards, beat the crowd with pool cues and even knocked out Jefferson Airplane vocalist Marty Balin during his performance earlier in the day. The Stones waited until sunset to take the stage, only to have the performance interrupted by fights and outbreaks in the crowd during "Sympathy for the Devil." People died; one, Meredith Hunter, was killed directly in front of the stage. The band and their touring party took off after the concert in their overloaded helicopter like refugees fleeing Saigon.

In the aftermath, San Francisco rock impresario Bill Graham had some harsh words for Mick Jagger, but nonetheless had managed to coax the band into playing the Winterland for the 1972 tour. The 5,400-seat former ice rink where he held weekly rock concerts generally featured far-less-famous bands. In San Francisco the Stones first encountered the West Coast rock establishment, through musicians such as Jerry Garcia and Neil Young. John Lee Hooker came backstage to visit between shows. And, of course, there were the masses—the computer ticket agency reported more than 100,000 orders for the approximately 20,000 tickets available to the four shows. There also waited media—not just *Rolling Stone* hipsters, although they alone were enough. Jim Marshall was among them.

Marshall was a big-time photojournalist before the term was invented. When he lived in New York, he worked for the top glossy photo magazines—*Life, Look, Saturday Evening Post*—and his shots graced the covers of literally hundreds of album covers, from Miles Davis to Johnny Cash. His landmark photographs of Jimi Hendrix burning his guitar, Bob Dylan kicking a tire, or Janis Joplin snuggling up to her Southern Comfort bottle were cornerstone pieces of the emerging field of rock photography. At age thirty-six, Marshall was already that industry's grand old man.

Marshall first photographed the Stones at their 1965 performance at the San Francisco Civic Auditorium, a turning point in the nascent San Francisco rock scene; six months later, many people in the crowd that night had started bands of their own with funny names like Jefferson Airplane, Grateful Dead, Big Brother and the Holding Company. Marshall covered the Stones' Oakland Coliseum Arena performances in 1969. He shot Altamont. He knew Winterland like it was his own living room.

San Francisco threw its doors open to the Stones. Bill Graham hosted a party at the Trident, a fashionable Sausalito restaurant owned by Kingston Trio manager



San Francisco rock impresario Bill Graham presented four shows over two nights at the Winterland and was also responsible for promoting shows in the Los Angeles area.

> Graham bought four hundred pounds of peanuts to give away to the crowds waiting outside the Winterland for hours before the show, San Francisco, California.

Frank Werber, who made it happen even though the place was usually closed on Mondays. In between nights at Winterland, the boys sought out the Isley Brothers at a soul joint in a tin Quonset hut across the Bay Bridge.

On the 1969 tour, the band had something to prove. Since their first U.S. tour in 1964, a thousand bands had sprung up. The Stones in '69 proved their primacy, even if the jubilant triumph finished with the massive free concert at Altamont that made a crater of the Woodstock myth, a nasty piece of punctuation to the entire decade. The 1972 model Rolling Stones was different. This time, the Stones rested certain of their status. Before he gave way to grand gestures calculated to play to the grandstands in the massive baseball parks the band soon inhabited, Mick Jagger was the most powerful archetypal rock vocalist in the world. Countless hundreds have borrowed from his book. He remains the single most dominant rock performer in the business, through generation after generation of other would-be rock stars. But at performances throughout the 1972 tour, Jagger was at his absolute peak, giving not just career-defining performances, but genre-defining, the apex of an entire art form.

From San Francisco the tour moved down the coast to L.A. The band had a long history with the city; Los Angeles always treated them like stars. The Stones, who recorded "Satisfaction" at RCA Studios, landed Friday at the Hollywood Palladium,

Bill Wyman and blues legend John Lee Hooker backstage at the Winter–land, San Francisco, California.

a small theater on Sunset Boulevard, broadcast home of the ancient Lawrence Welk Show, and rocked the house Saturday at the Long Beach Municipal Arena, an old barn on the seaside, finishing up with two shows on Sunday at the 18,000-seat Forum (home of basketball's Los Angeles Lakers) that ran by the clock, as opposed to the long delays common on the 1969 tour. The band made the short flight to San Diego the next morning. Marshall shot the Los Angeles shows, traveled with the band on the plane to San Diego, and photographed that show as well.

Throughout his entire career, Marshall battled for access. Without free access, he couldn't do what he did—breathe in the moments and freeze them on film. The Stones knew Marshall. Even without the clout of the *Life* assignment, Marshall was a formidable figure. Like Jagger and Richards, he walked around armed and hammered: a pistol somewhere on his person, a shot of bourbon or scotch near at hand, and more than his ration of coke up his nose, if he could manage it. Marshall could be querulous, abrasive. He didn't fit into the Stones' inner circle with the same ease as patrician Ethan Russell, who had been little more than an amateur photographer when he first hopped aboard the Stones' touring party in 1969, and who was also along for parts of the 1972 ride.

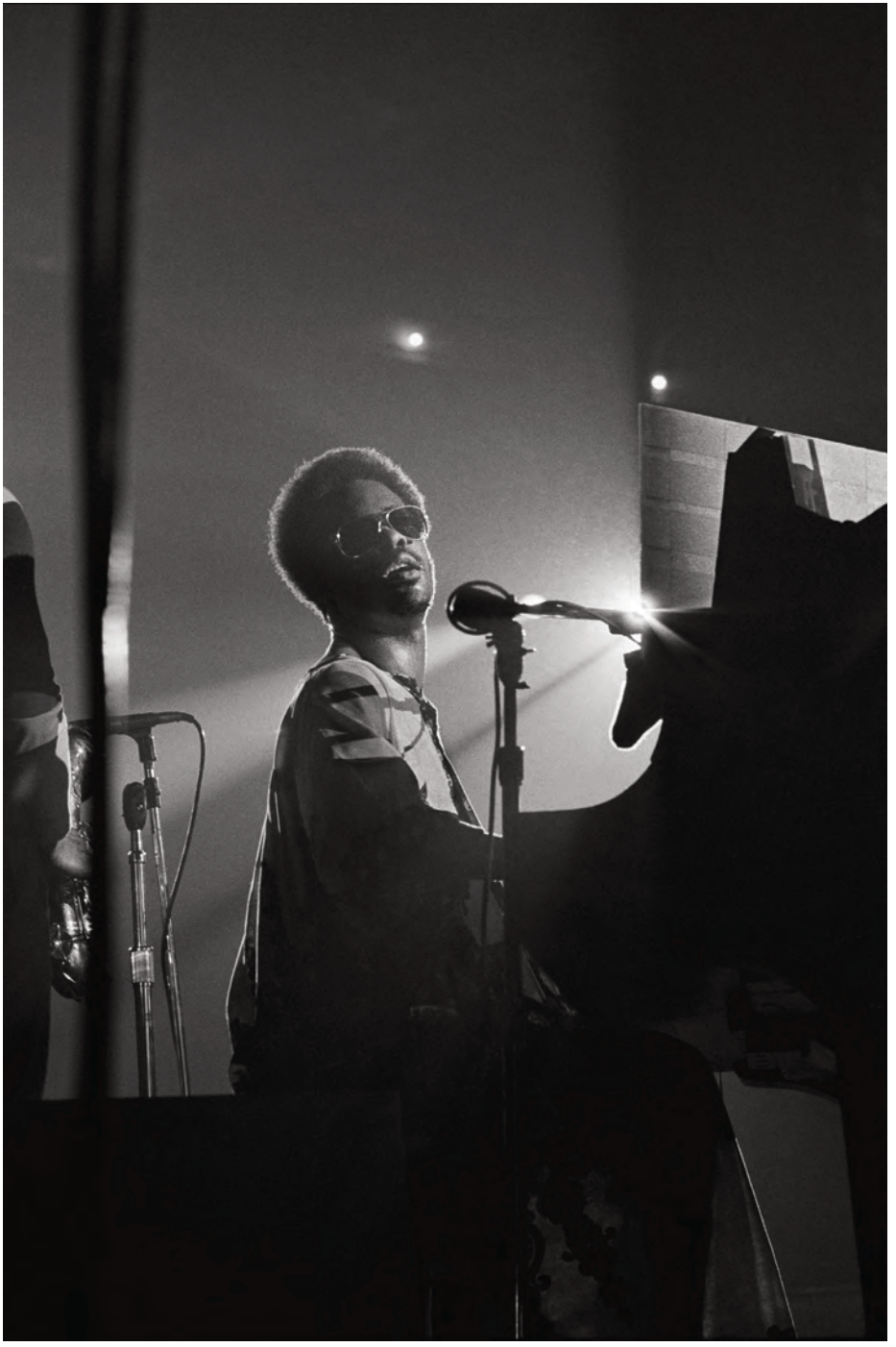
Nothing escaped Marshall's penetrating eye. Even in the short time and limited space accorded him, Marshall harnessed the essence of this band. His photograph of unshaven Keith Richards, cigarette between his lips, strumming an acoustic guitar at Sunset Sound, has been published many times (although it wasn't in the original *Life* article). He caught Jagger backstage before a show, in a pink dressing gown, peach ascot around his neck, leaning on a cane talking to Mrs. Mick Taylor—one of the greatest candid portraits of Jagger ever. Even standing next to a beautiful woman in an impossibly short skirt, Jagger dominates the landscape. He radiates star quality, his electrifying presence glowing even with his engine running at idle.

Life hit the streets in early July with Marshall's Mick Jagger leaping off the cover. It was not the kind of press coverage the bad boys of rock and roll were used to; the story by longtime staff contributor Tommy Thompson, though, was more like what they expected.

"The Rolling Stones!

"Are *they* still among us?

Twenty-two-year-old Stevie Wonder opened for the Rolling Stones throughout the 1972 tour.



> "How can they be? In history's first disposable society, where everything from graceful landmarks to diapers to rock groups is used and thrown away, how can the Stones survive? In a decade—ten years!—of performing, they have earned some of the worst press clippings since Mussolini. To read them is to scan the underside of a rock. One would gather that the Stones began their journey on the River Styx. Their official trademark—on record labels, posters, jeweled pins—is a taunting, devil's-red tongue stuck out at the world. Their spoor is scandal, dark, rumor, divorce, adultery, illegitimate children, drugs (when Jagger [sic—it was really Richards] wears the trademark 'Coke' sewn into his jacket, he is not endorsing cola), even blood and violent death."

Same old "Would You Let Your Daughter Marry a Rolling Stone?" stuff that had been circulating since their hustler manager first planted that angle with the Fleet Street press in the United Kingdom, who were only too glad to play along. Marshall's photographs, however, were a different matter.

Splashed across six pages in full color, Marshall catches the Stones backstage in anonymous concrete bunker basements, Richards daubing on makeup from a paint box full of colors, Jagger in pre-show repose. The concert action shots show Jagger poised to toss his basket of rose petals on the Winterland crowd and working up the crowd at the Forum in a white jumpsuit. Marshall elegantly details the power and majesty of the Stones. His photographs dwarf the snide, sniveling dismissal by Thompson.

Marshall's photographs are powerful because they tell the truth. He never tried to manufacture an image to suit a musician. He photographed them as he saw them and, in his eyes, these people looked larger than life, which is how he brought them to us. That is exactly what is so extraordinary about the photographs Marshall took those few days he was with the Stones—he shows them to us both as stars and as mere mortals, and they are all the more impressive because he does. Their steely magnificence shines back through Marshall's Leica.

His shots were always impeccably composed. He rarely cropped his images and never resorted to darkroom tricks. Once he clicked the shutter, the photograph was done. With Marshall, it was all about his eye. His finger may have been on the shutter button, but his gut pulled the trigger. In his images of the Stones onstage, you can

see the sound and hear the picture. In capturing the musicians offstage, Marshall shows us Olympians at rest. There is no mask to slip. Marshall sees the Rolling Stones as people.

The tour wound its way toward a conclusion on Mick Jagger's twenty-ninth birthday, July 26, at Madison Square Garden in New York. The guest list backstage ranged from Bob Dylan to Zsa Zsa Gabor—the Beautiful People meet the Rock and Roll Circus. Appearing on the cover of *Life* gave the Rolling Stones the imprimatur of cultural ascendancy. Rock and roll—only recently a music exclusively meant for teenagers—was reaching its majority. The Stones had given the music high style and grand drama. The band would never be any better; these were golden days for both the Rolling Stones and rock music.

Although many of the photographs are imbued with the everyday sensibility of the hours backstage and time on the road before the next ninety minutes under the floodlights, Marshall also captured the age of classic rock at its height in a few frames with the Rolling Stones in California those days and nights in June 1972. It was an era that was over before we really knew it was an era. If anyone ever asks about this moment in time, wants to know about what this special breed of men called British rock stars looked like at their peak, we have Marshall's 1972 photographs of the Rolling Stones.★

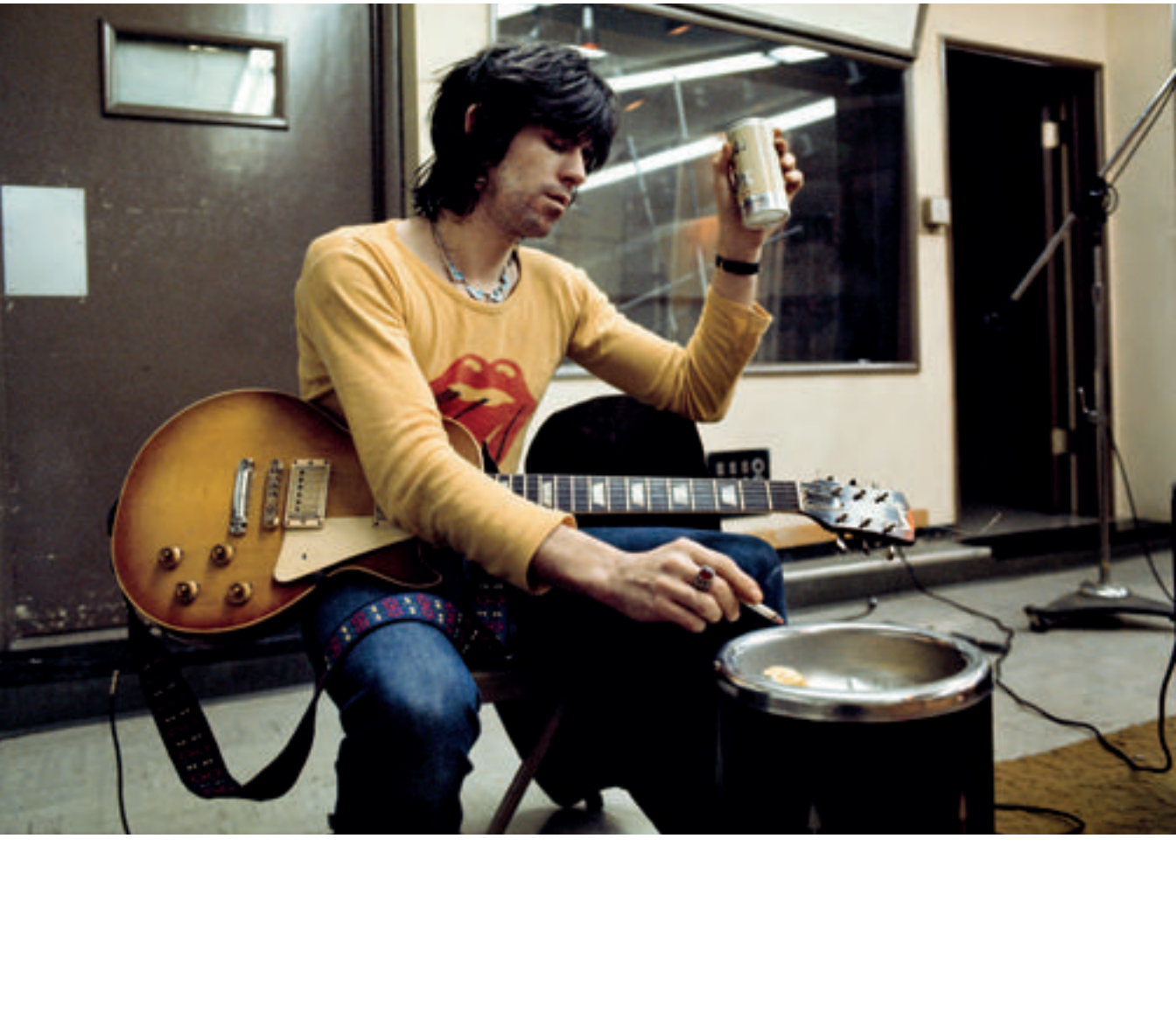
Jagger performing
“Midnight Rambler”
at the Forum,
Los Angeles, California.

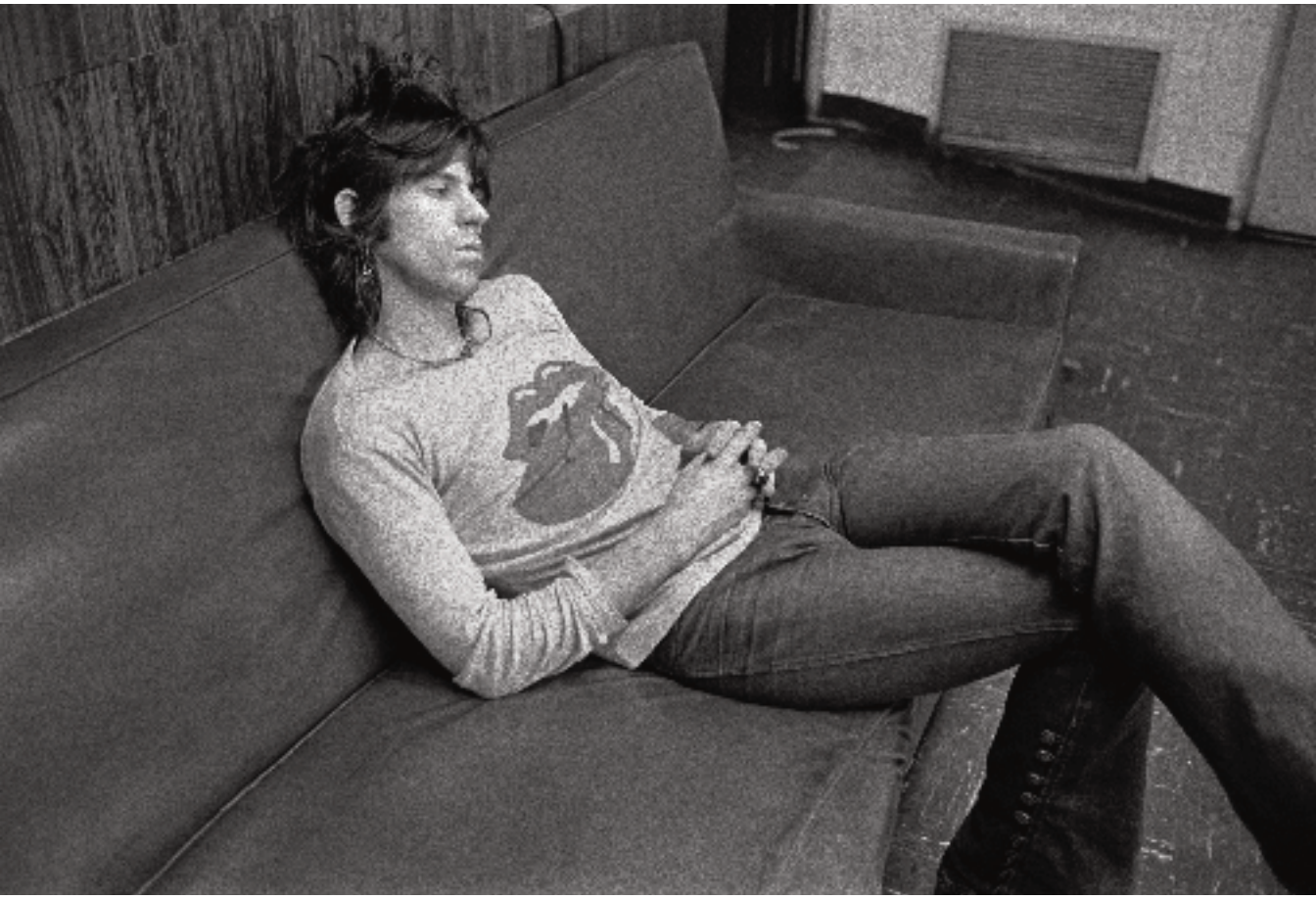
THE L.A. RECORDING SESSIONS

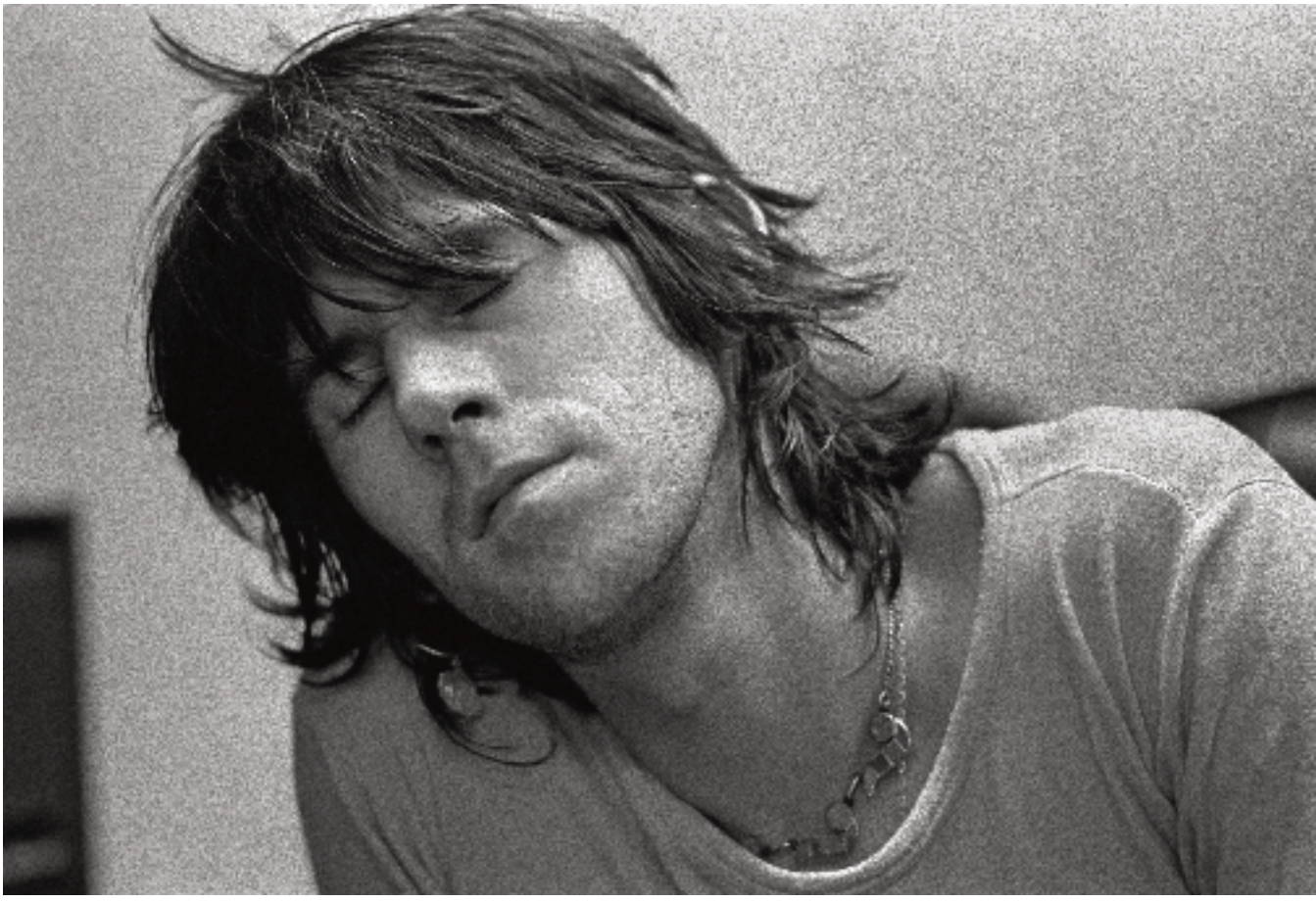
The Rolling Stones' *Exile on Main Street* double album included recordings made in three countries and at least four different locations. The final touches were completed at Sunset Sound in Los Angeles, and, in the first few months of 1972, Jim Marshall spent a week in Los Angeles to document the process. Of his twenty or so well-known and published photographs of the Stones, five of them stem from these studio sessions and the Palace Laundry portrait shoot with Jagger, which took place around the same time (pages 8, 40–41). The unforgettable black-and-white portrait of Keith playing his guitar (pages 28–29) has appeared in all four hardcover monographs of Marshall's rock-and-roll photographs.

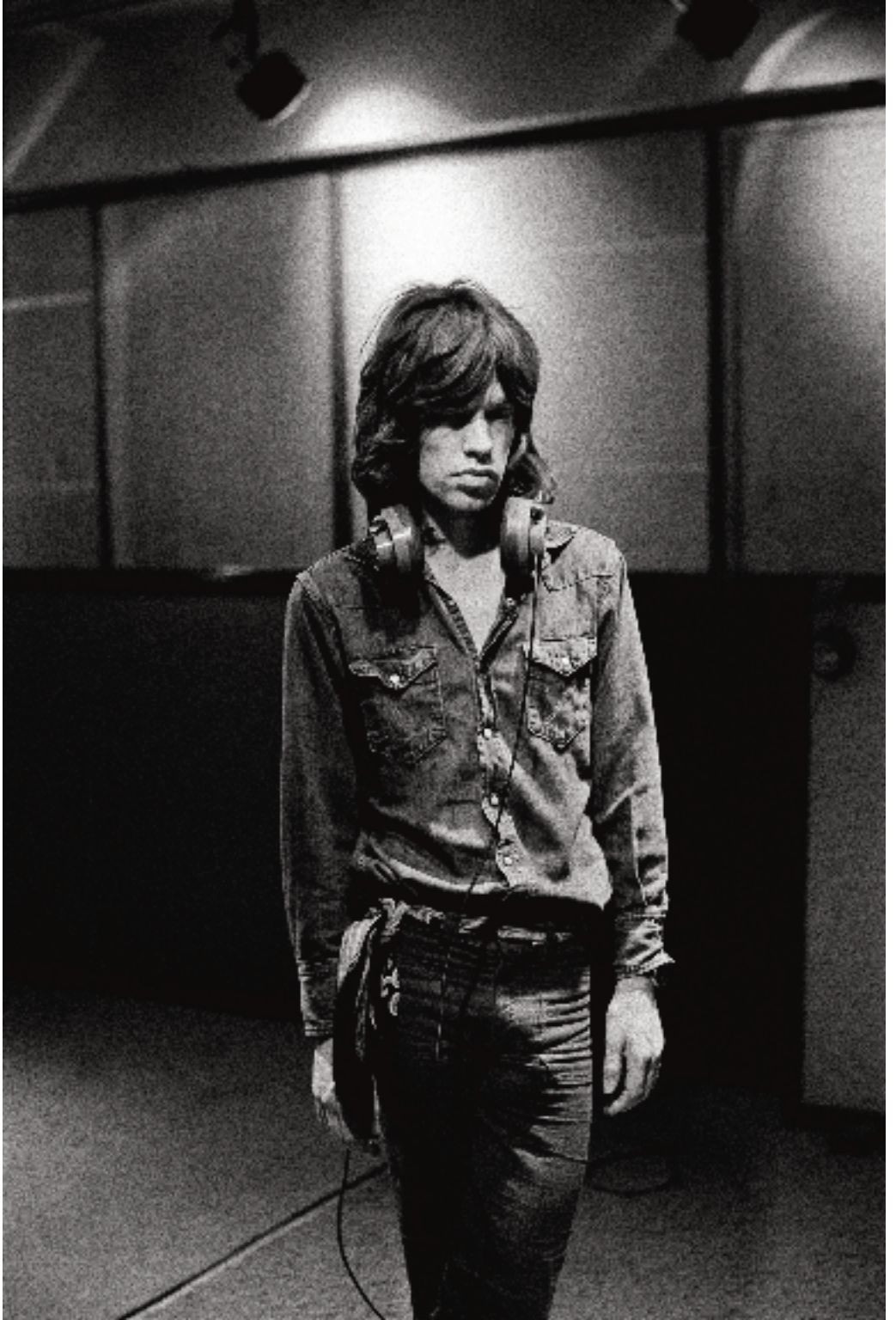
In his autobiography, *Life*, Richards references testing out the recording mixes by sending a runner with dubs to a local DJ, then driving up and down Sunset listening to it played on the radio to judge the sound quality. The runner would bring the tape back to the studio, and they'd go to work again. *Exile on Main Street* was released in the United States on May 22, 1972, and reached number one on both the U.S. and U.K. charts. Since then it has been remastered and rereleased twice, most recently in 2010 as an eighteen-track CD, a double-vinyl edition, and two deluxe issues. Jagger and Richards have expressed differing opinions on the album itself; but over its forty years in existence it has continued to speak to fans internationally. —MDM

pp. 27–39:
Mick Jagger
and Keith
Richards at
Sunset Sound
spring 1972,
Los Angeles,
California.









Mick Jagger at a publicity photo shoot, spring 1972, Los Angeles, California.

PALACE
LAUNDRY

BEHIND THE SCENES

On the Stones' previous U.S. tours in 1965–66, 1967, and 1969, Marshall photographed them at locations throughout Northern California, including the infamous concert at Altamont. He was selected to cover the 1972 tour for *Life*, a prestigious and remarkably mainstream assignment that was a coup both for the Stones and for Marshall himself. The PR team of Gibson-Stromberg targeted features in *Life*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Esquire,* and *Rolling Stone*—Jim was given one week on the tour, from June 6 through June 13, to get his shots. The July 14 issue, with Marshall's image of Jagger on the cover and nine additional photographs inside, was released as the tour proceeded east; the final concerts took place at Madison Square Garden in New York City July 24–26.

Marshall was present for the California leg—the Winterland in San Francisco, the Hollywood Palladium in Los Angeles, the Pacific Terrace Center in Long Beach, the Forum in Los Angeles, and the International Sports Arena in San Diego—of a tour that spanned about forty venues in two months. In over ten locations, including the Winterland and the Forum, the Stones played two sets in one day and were frequently unable to leave the location in between due to security concerns.

Though this tour is legendary for its raucous, at times unbelievable offstage behavior, something else is documented here—the camaraderie formed through hours spent waiting in antiseptic greenrooms as a brief calm before the storm of performance; conversations to fill the hours of lounging, waiting to take the stage; the availability of food and, more importantly, liquor; and the lonely, less-glamorous reality of long hours traveling to a location for a brief but powerful ninety minutes in front of the fans. In less than one week, Marshall captured this reality through images both of and beyond their time. —MDM

Keith Richards displaying a gift while on the flight from Los Angeles to San Diego.

Charlie Watts at the airport, San Francisco, California.

> Joan Kooper, ex-wife of musician Al Kooper, was traveling on the tour with Stones keyboardist Nicky Hopkins. She is shown here with Stones bassist Bill Wyman at the airport, San Francisco, California.

Fans spent hours waiting in line for the afternoon show at the Winterland, San Francisco, California.

WINTERLAND
WINTERLAND
THE
ROLLING
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GMC

Private security was hired to assist with crowd control outside the Winterland.

> The Western Addition neighborhood around the Winterland, San Francisco, California.

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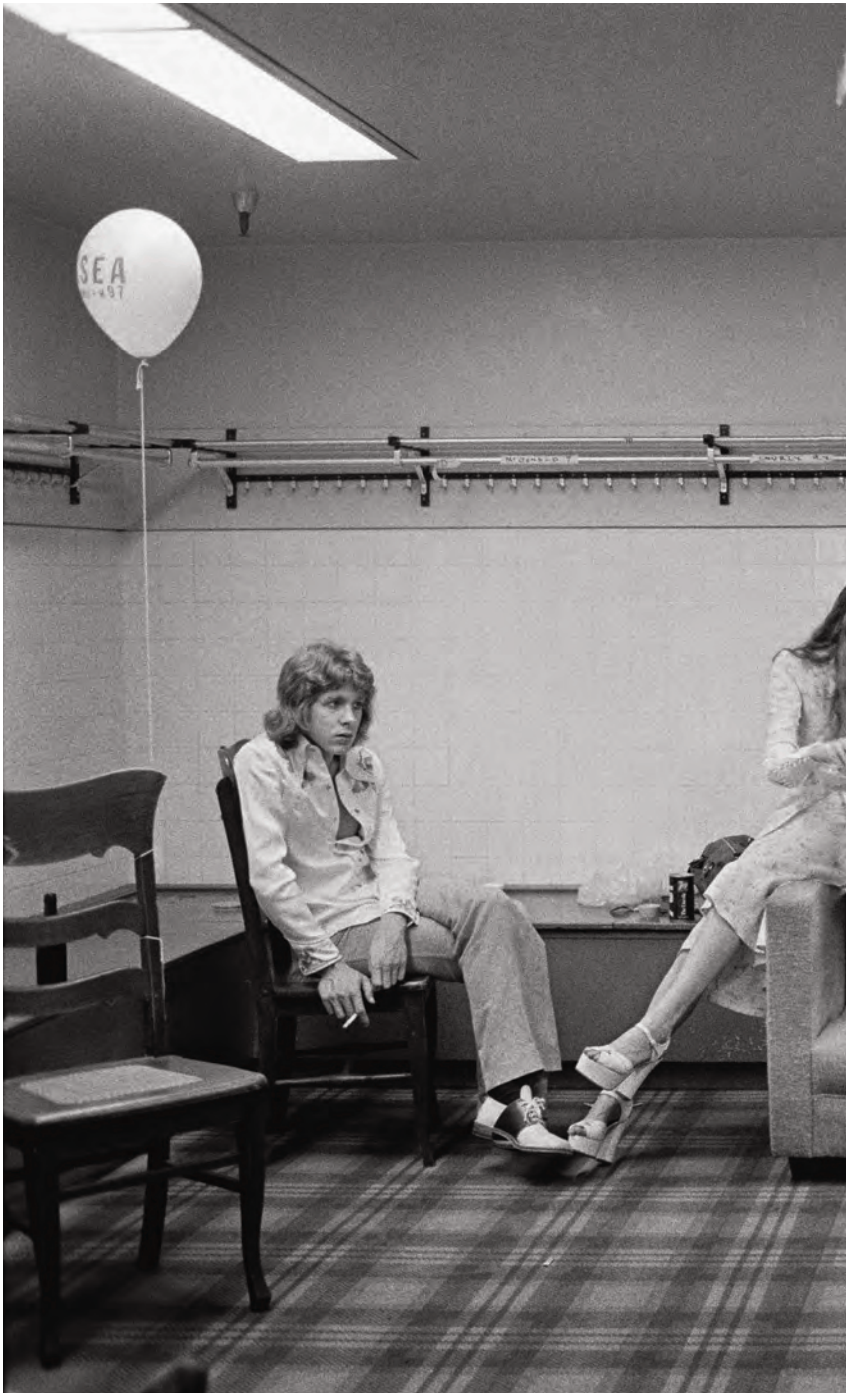
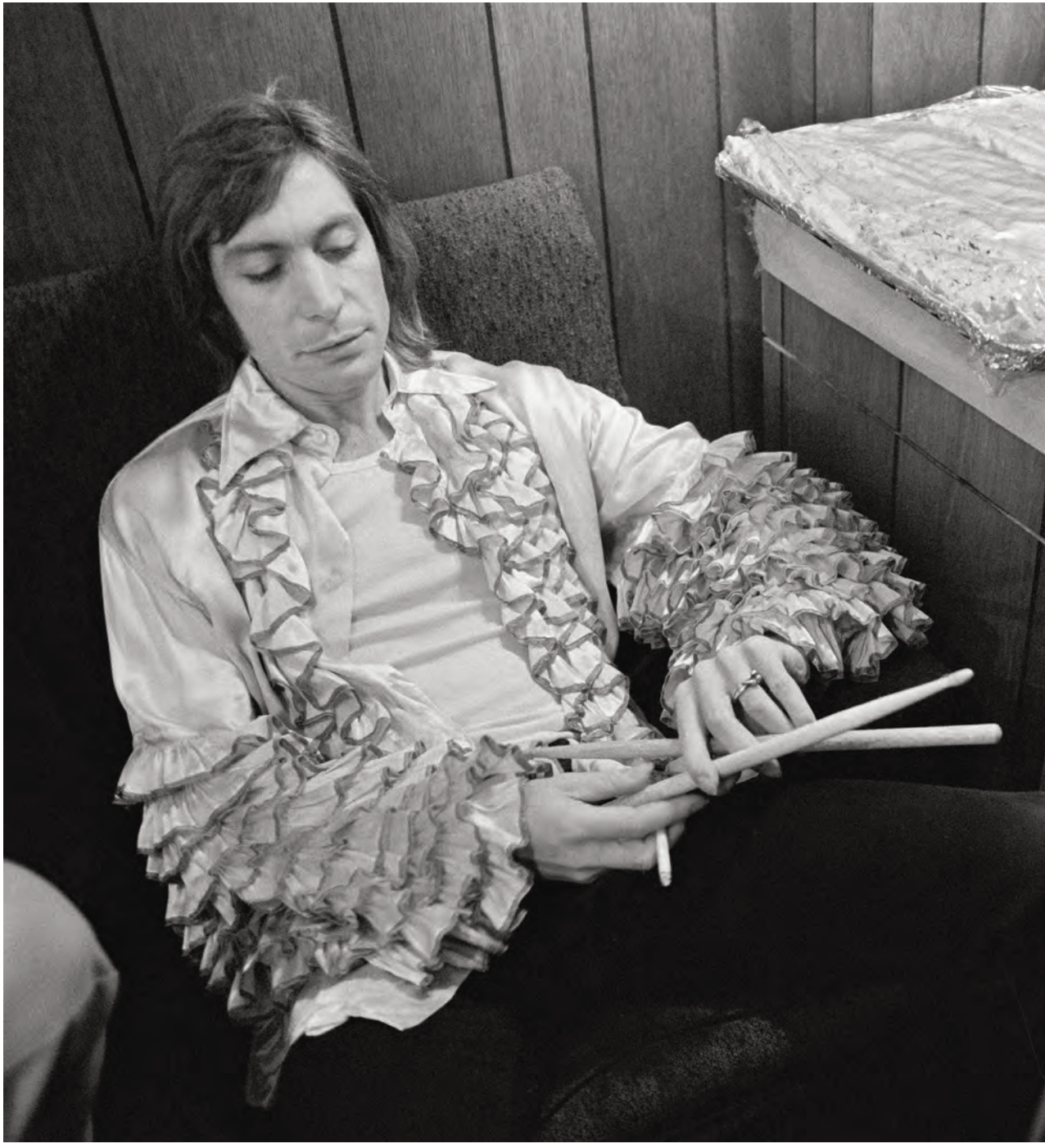
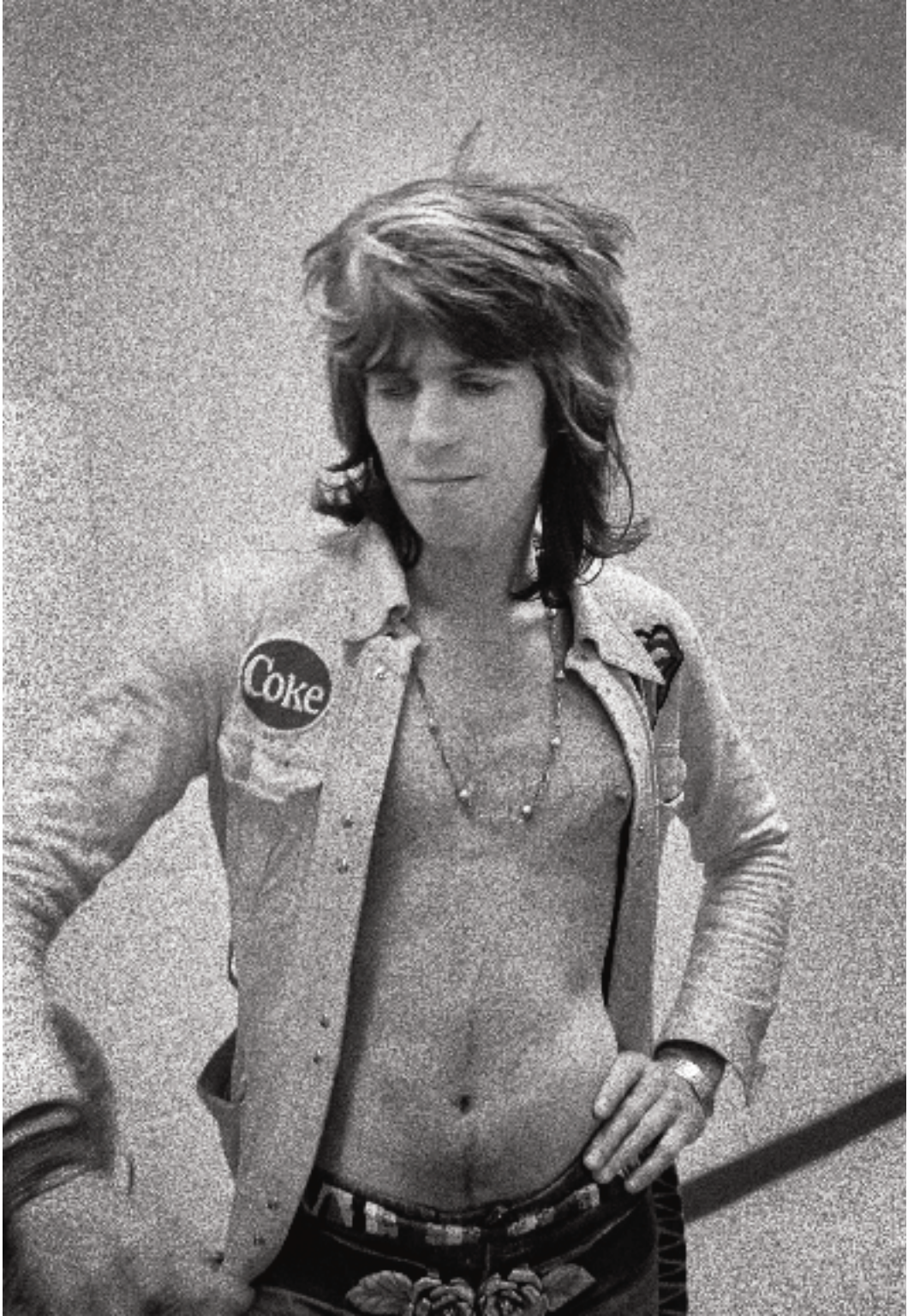


Mick Taylor; his wife, Rose; Mick Jagger; Charlie Watts; and Bill Wyman backstage.

Steve Goekee, makeup artist for the tour, prepares Charlie Watts for the stage.



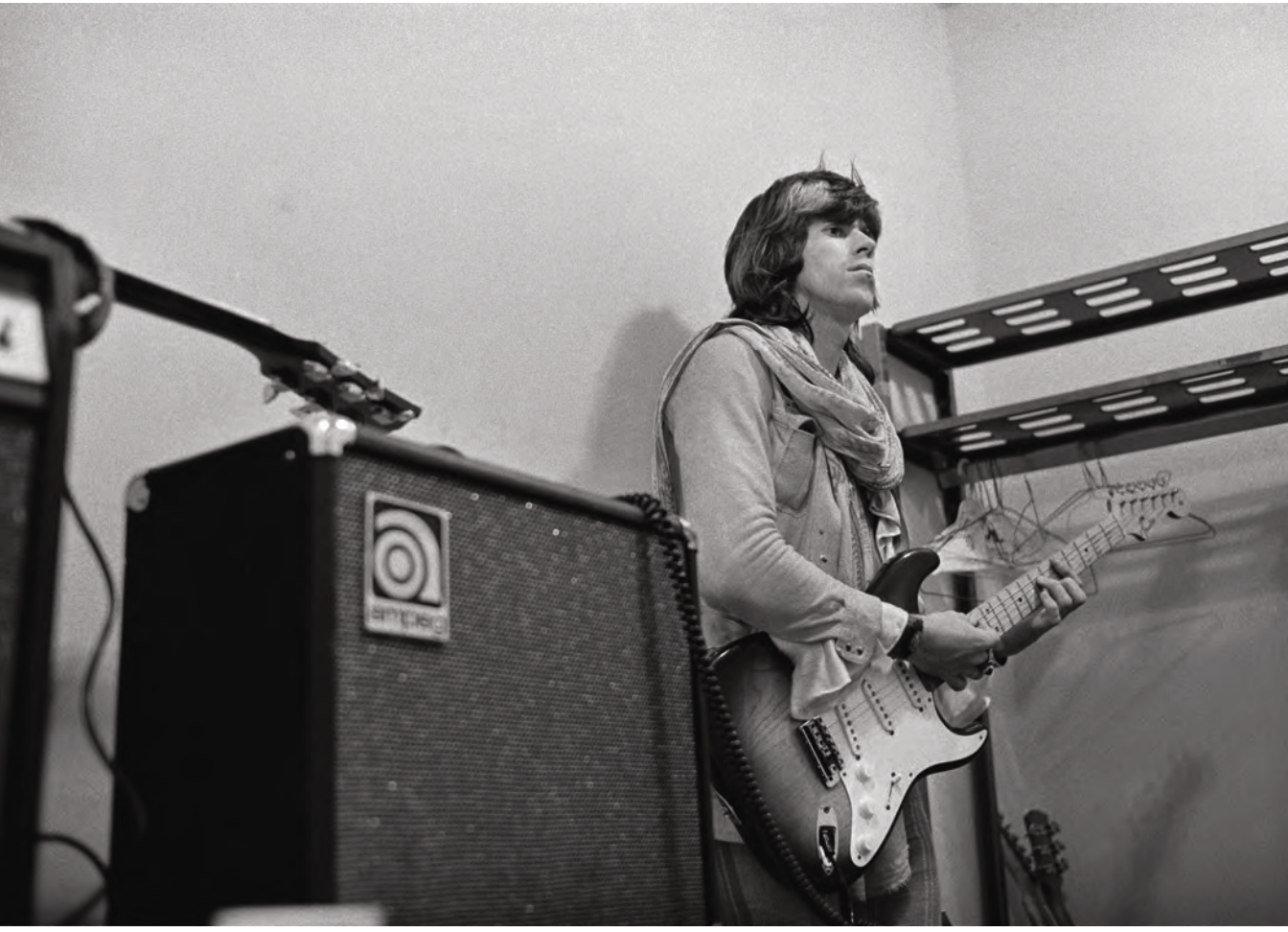
Charlie Watts.


Coke

Richards and Jagger backstage.

< Richards's "Coke" logo was not simply a reference to the carbonated beverage.

Keith Richards.



The Micks—Jagger and Taylor.

< Keith Richards tuning backstage.

Steve Goekee adjusts accessories to Jagger's outfit backstage.

< Keith Richards applying makeup backstage at the Winterland, San Francisco, California.

Guitar technician Newman Jones watches Mick Taylor and Keith Richards tune up backstage.

Mick Jagger at the private airport terminal in Los Angeles, California.

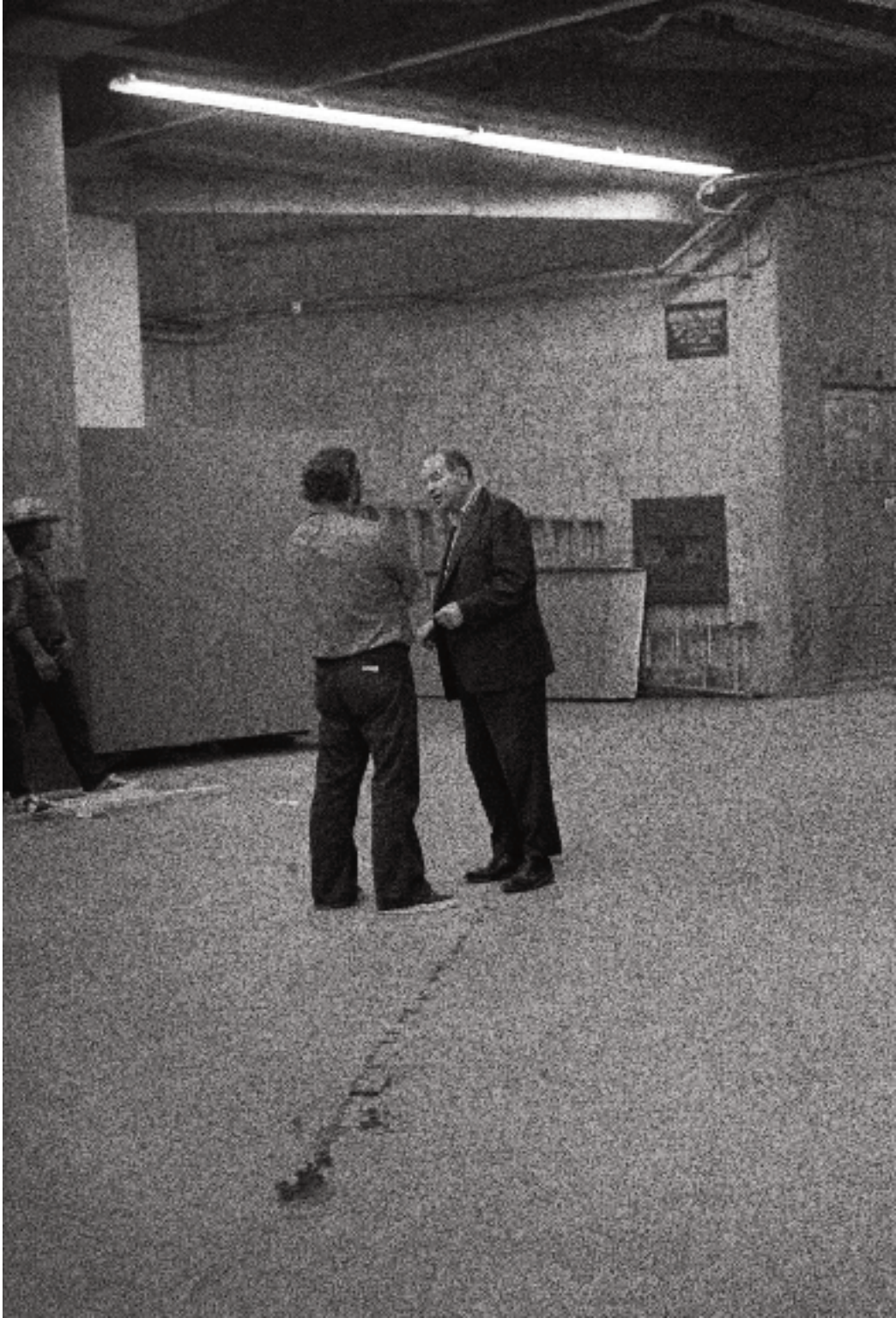
Boarding the Stones' private jet to head from Los Angeles to San Diego.

> Jagger reading over bassist Bill Wyman's shoulder on the plane.

LAVATORIES
S.T.P.

Photographer and filmmaker Robert Frank in conversation with Jagger, who hired him to document the tour. The resulting film, *Cocksucker Blues*, was never approved for public release, though Frank reserved the right to screen the film if he was present. Frank's photographs were used on the album cover for *Exile on Main Street*, which was designed by John Van Hammersveld and Norman Seeff.

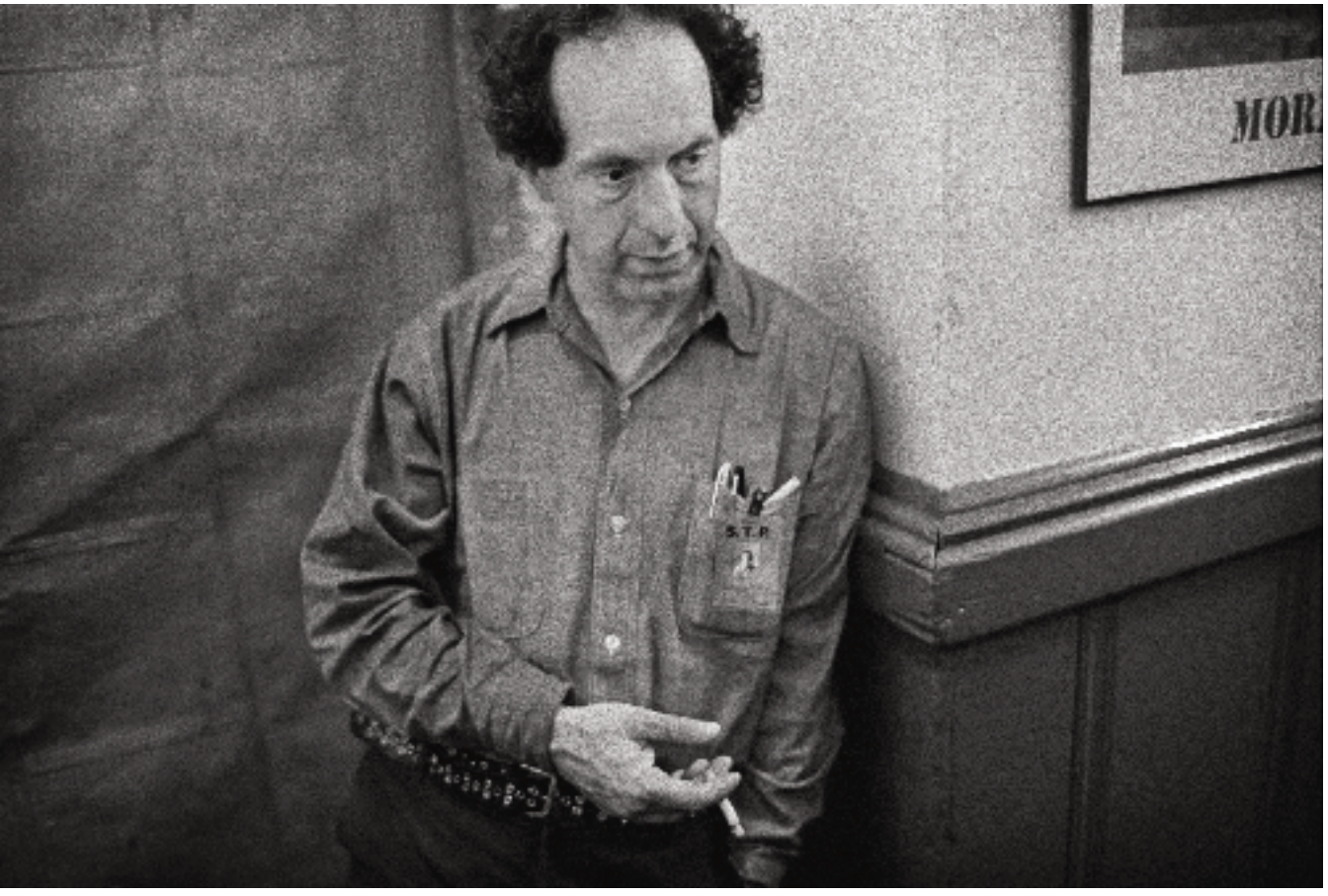
While Bill Wyman plays with one of Robert Frank's Super 8 cameras, Jagger settles in for the short ride between Los Angeles and San Diego. Frank encouraged the band to use his Super 8 cameras to get them comfortable with filming and being filmed.



Jagger experiments with one of Frank's Super 8 cameras in the loading area of the Forum, Los Angeles, California. Jagger had already appeared in two to three movies as an actor, and was interested in the filmmaking process.

Ahmet Ertegun, Atlantic Records co-founder, with a friend, backstage at the Forum, Los Angeles, California. Atlantic was responsible for distribution of the newly-formed and independent Rolling Stone Records, headed up by Marshall Chess.

< Keith Richards with Jolie Jones, daughter of musician and producer Quincy Jones, backstage at the Forum, Los Angeles, California.


S.T.P.

Bill Wyman enjoying a cocktail, backstage at the Forum, Los Angeles, California. Photographer Ken Regan is seen behind Wyman.

< Robert Frank, also backstage at the Forum, Los Angeles, California.

In mirror, tour manager Peter Rudge stands behind Jagger and others; Robert Frank in conversation with Charlie Watts backstage at the Forum, Los Angeles, California.

Robert Frank at work as Keith Richards greets a friend.

Backstage at the Forum, Los Angeles, California. Due to logistics and security concerns, the Stones stayed at the venue between the afternoon and evening shows on June 11.

Jagger stretches backstage. To his right, tour manager Peter Rudge huddles with assistant Danny Arnold and Robert Frank.

Mick Jagger
backstage at the
Forum, Los Angeles,
California.

Keith Richards backstage at the Forum, Los Angeles, California.

Tour manager Peter Rudge
consults with Jagger.

< Jagger dressing at the Forum,
Los Angeles, California.

The new tongue logo was heavily promoted throughout the 1972 tour, providing color to otherwise drab backstage areas.

> Rose Taylor, wife of guitarist Mick Taylor, in conversation with Jagger at the Forum, Los Angeles, California.

From left: Bill Wyman, Charlie Watts, a friend, Jolie Jones, Rose Taylor, and guitarists Richards and Taylor with others, backstage at the Forum, Los Angeles, California.

Mick Taylor at his hotel.

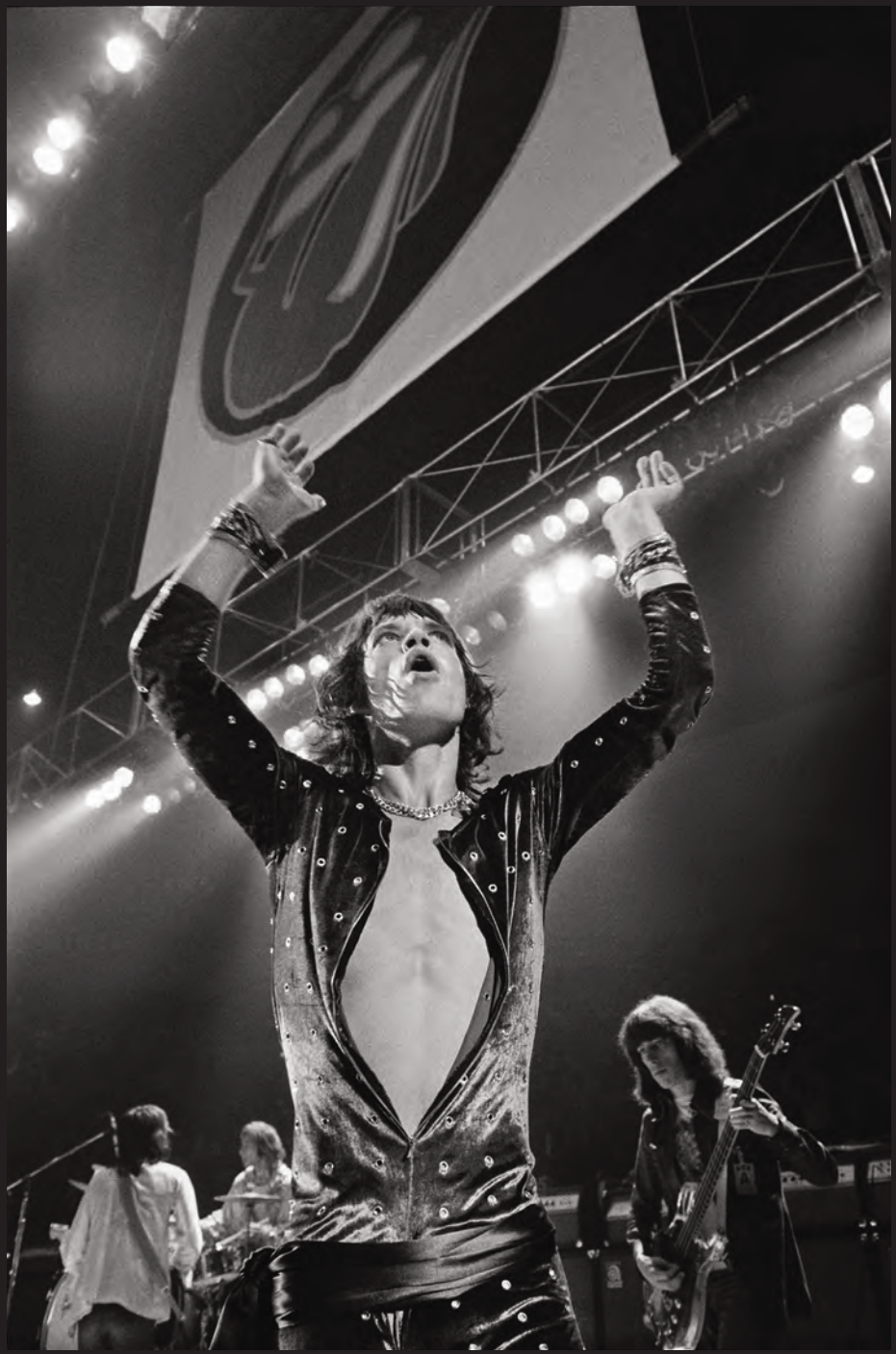
Jolie Jones and Keith Richards on the plane back to Los Angeles.

Keith Richards and Mick Taylor, trailed by Stones sideman Nicky Hopkins.

PERFORMANCES

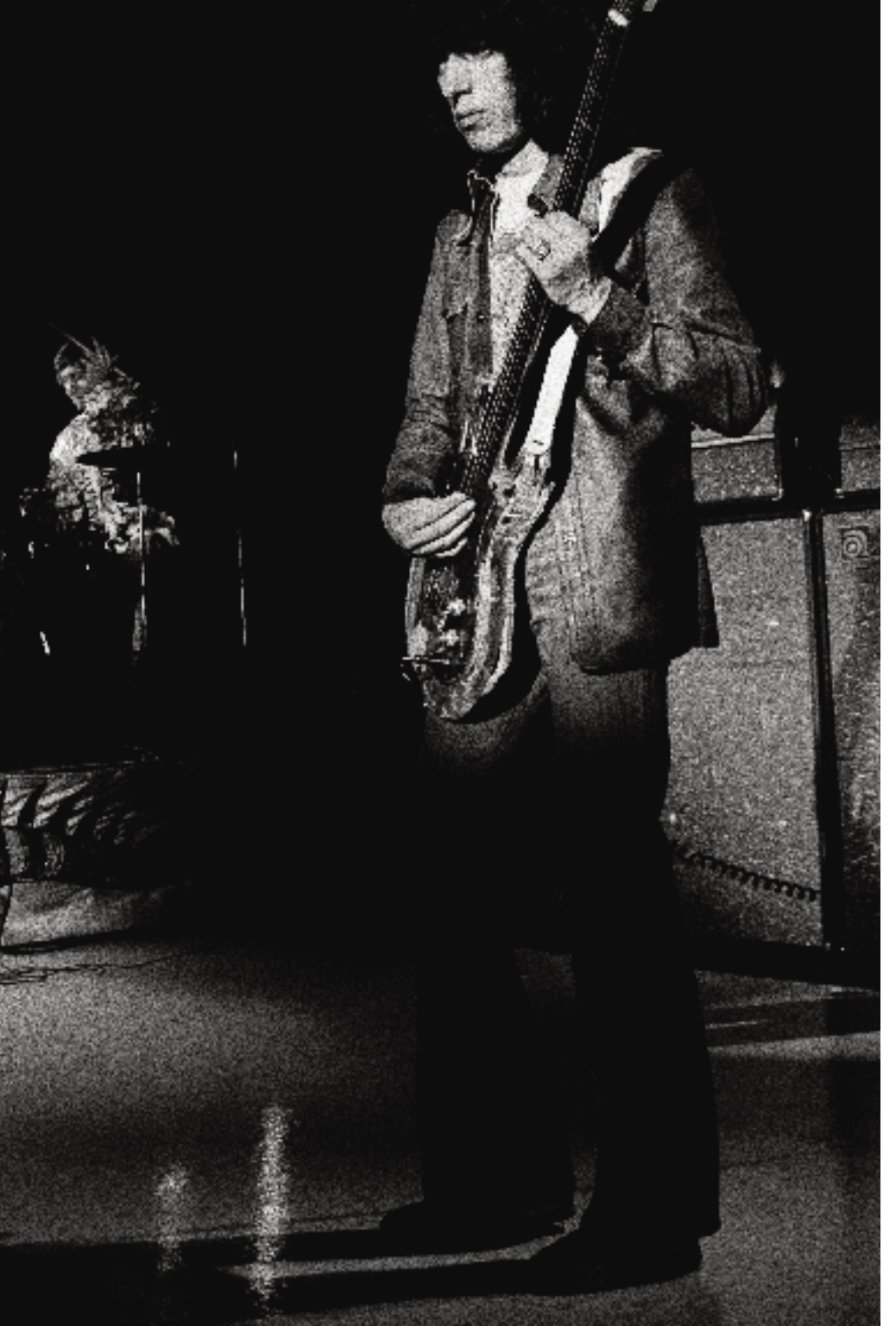
Beneath a banner of the band's new tongue-and-lips trademark, the Stones typically opened with "Brown Sugar," followed by a rousing "Bitch," a two-piece horn section lighting a fire under the loud, rocking band, or "Rocks Off," from *Exile*. The introduction to "Gimme Shelter" featured a cascading tangle of guitars from Keith Richards and Mick Taylor, over which pianist Nicky Hopkins dropped some nicely dissonant chords. Keith Richards's vocal number, "Happy," and "Tumblin' Dice," gave way to the set's first blues, "Love in Vain," with Taylor and Richards both playing lengthy solos.

By the time the band was done with "Sweet Virginia," Jagger blasted a harmonica solo, and the horn players joined back in. Lead guitarist Taylor took a star turn on a towering "You Can't Always Get What You Want," followed by another new rocker, "All Down the Line." The Chuck Berry guitar licks that announce "Bye Bye Johnny" signaled that they were headed toward a rock-and-roll finish. "Rip This Joint" was the most raucous track from the new album. The cacophonous "Street Fighting Man" brought it all to a close. —JS



Jagger on-stage, “Honky Tonk Women.”

Jagger, saxophonist Bobby Keys, Richards, and Taylor.



Jagger, Richards,
Watts, and Wyman.

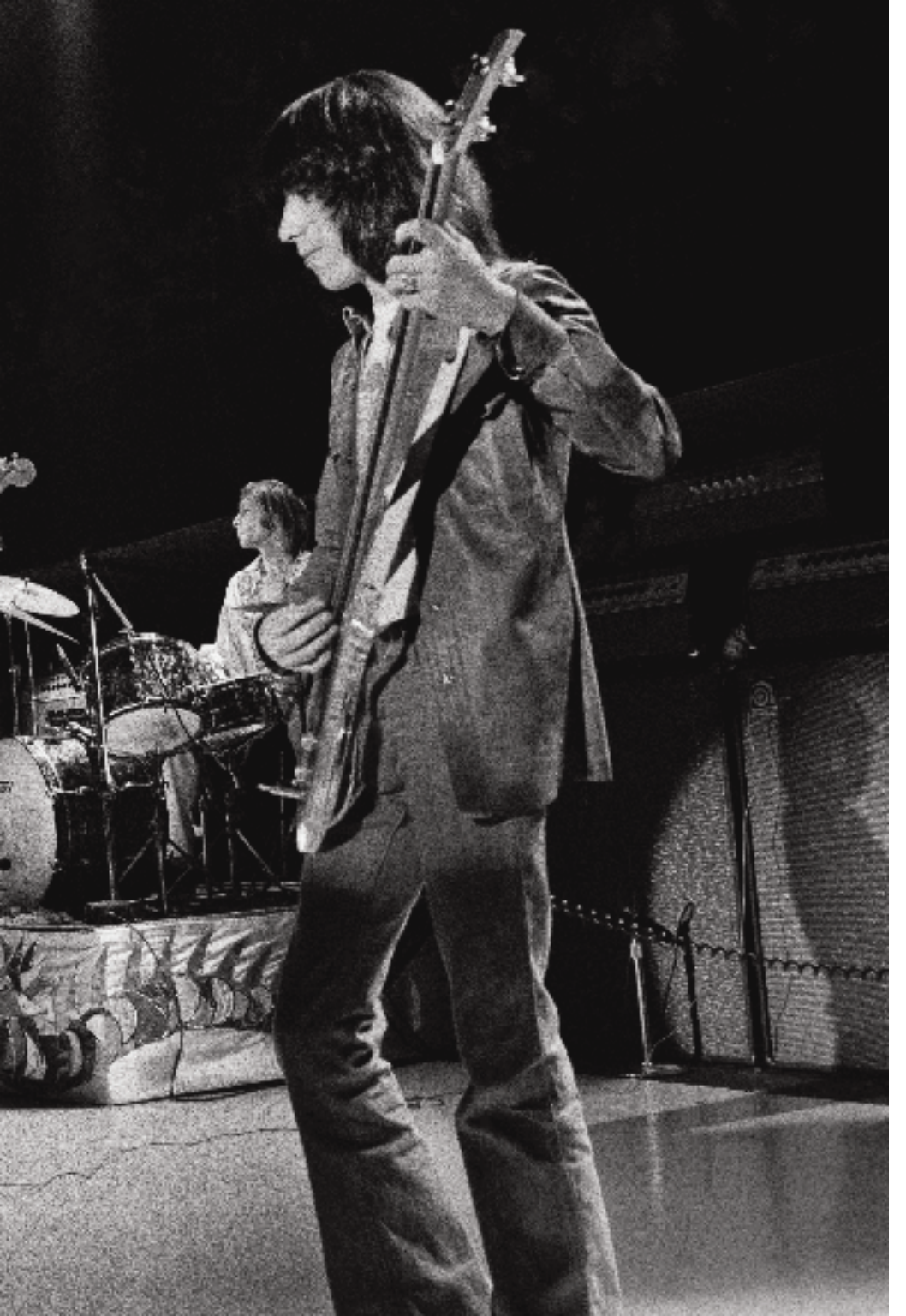
Mick Taylor at the Forum,
Los Angeles, California.

> Jagger and Richards.

Watts and Richards, acoustic segment of “Sweet Virginia.”

Jagger performing “Midnight Rambler” at the Winterland, San Francisco, California.

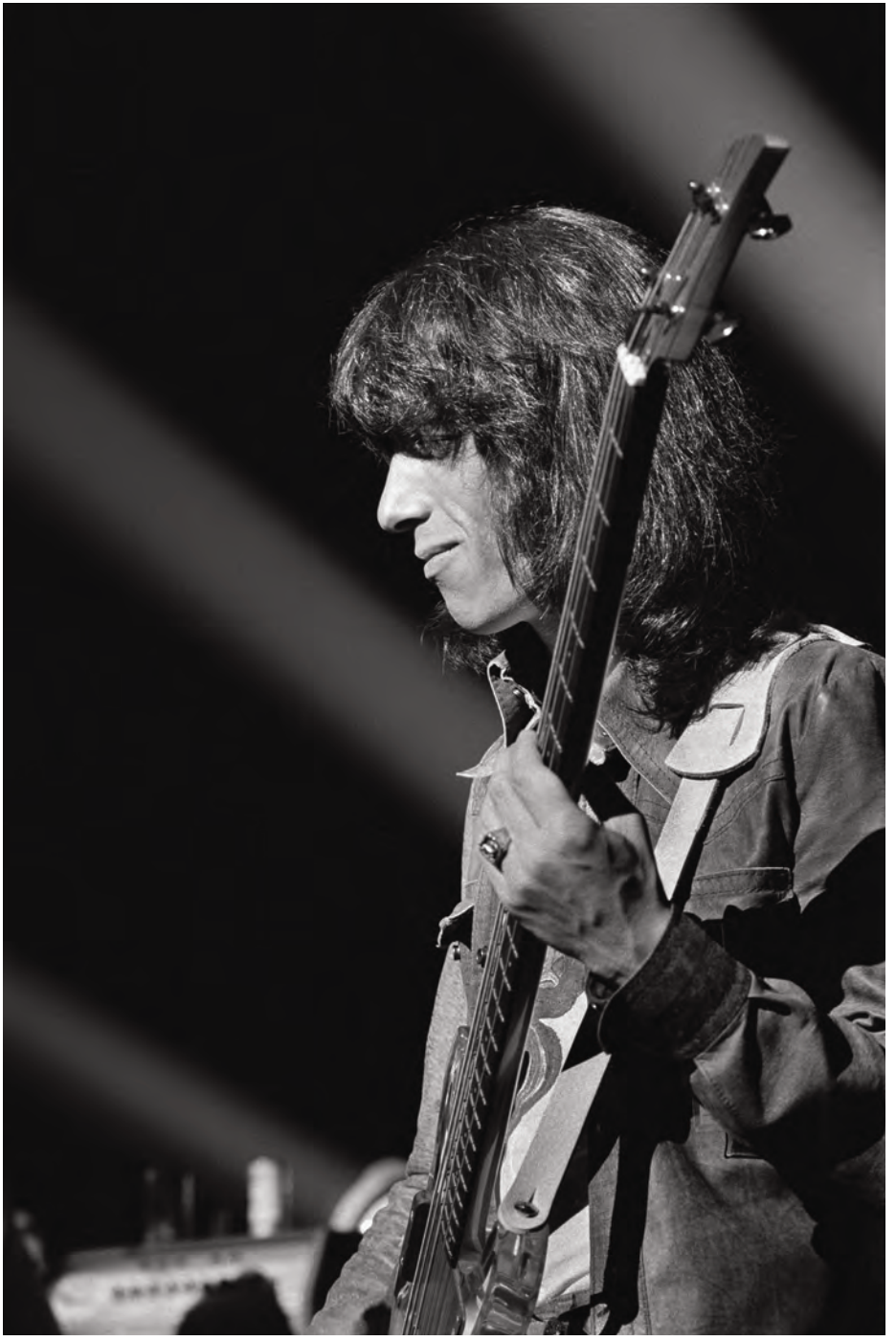
Saxophonist Bobby Keys, with Jagger, Taylor, and Richards on “Brown Sugar.”



From left: Jagger, Bobby Keys on saxophone, Jim Price on trumpet, and Nicky Hopkins on piano; Richards, Watts, and Wyman hold the foreground.

Jagger, Watts, and Richards at the Forum, Los Angeles, California.

> Bill Wyman.

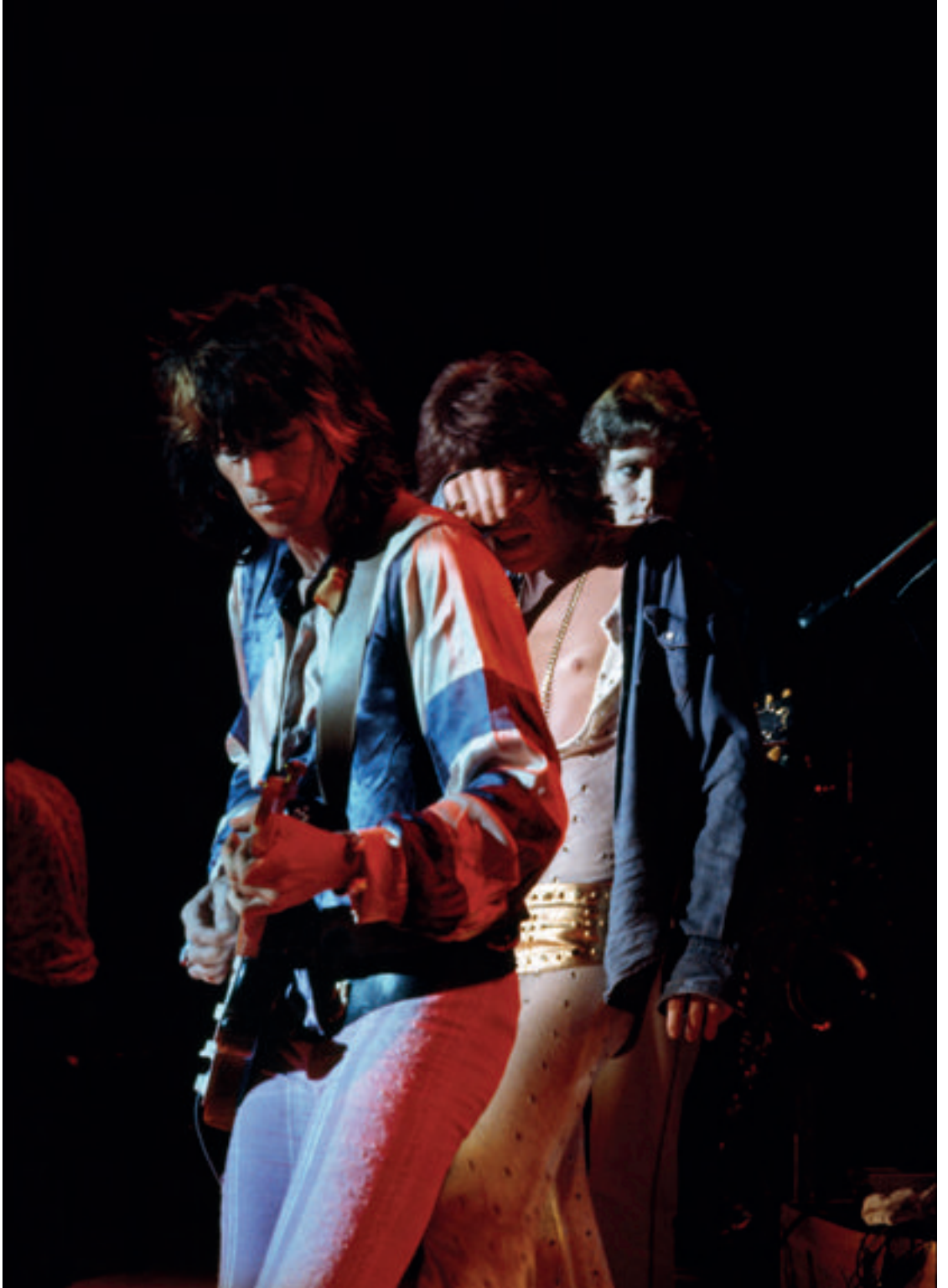


Jagger, Taylor, Watts and Richards at the
Winterland, San Francisco, California.

Fans at the Winterland, San Francisco, California. Jagger reportedly kept press out of the first twenty rows of any concert, so he had direct contact with the energy of the crowd.

Jagger with Bobby Keys
in the background.

TYCOBRAHE
SOUND CO.



Jagger, Taylor, and Richards.

< Richards, Jagger, Taylor.

Taylor and Jagger at the Forum,
Los Angeles, California.

> Fans at the Hollywood Palladium,
Los Angeles, California.

Jagger and Richards at the Forum,
Los Angeles, California.

Charlie Watts at the Forum,
Los Angeles, California.

Charlie Watts at the Forum,
Los Angeles, California.

Mick Jagger.

Keith Richards.

> Jagger and Richards.

Fans at the Forum, Los Angeles, California.

Fans at the Hollywood Palladium,
Los Angeles, California.

< Taylor and Jagger.

Jagger and Wyman.

Jagger at
the Forum,
Los Angeles,
California.

Jagger, Richards, Watts and Wyman at the Forum, Los Angeles, California.

At the Forum, Los Angeles, California. This photograph was used on the cover of *Life* magazine, newsstand date July 14, 1972. It has often been captioned as taken at Madison Square Garden; those performances occurred about two weeks after the *Life* issue was released.

Fans at the Forum, Los Angeles, California.

< Jagger at the Forum, Los Angeles, California.

Mick Jagger.

< Keith Richards.

pp. 158–165:
At the Forum, Los Angeles,
California.

EDITOR'S NOTE MICHELLE DUNN MARSH

In the process of developing this publication, I discovered that details such as dates and locations were not always standard fare in the magazines of the 1960s and '70s—even *Life* and *Rolling Stone* did not regularly identify dates and locations in captioning their photographs. Hence, for many years I believed that Jim's image of Mick Jagger used on the cover of *Life* (p. 153) was from one of the Madison Square Garden concerts in 1972—it was only when I ordered said issue as part of my research that I discovered otherwise, the magazine being on the newsstand weeks before the Garden concerts actually took place. We now believe this image was made at the Los Angeles Forum.

Though Jim kept great records of his contact sheets by artist and year, allowing us to quickly pull all those related to the Stones in 1972, the chronology of sheet numbers did not match the passage of time—he had nearly fifty rolls of black-and-white film from the six to seven days he spent with the Stones in June of 1972, and the sequential numbers apply only to the order in which the film was developed.

As a result, we do not always know with certainty which photographs were made at a particular location. Joel Selvin, with the assistance of Robert Greenfield, carefully pored over the images and provided caption information, including locations only where he felt fairly confident of accuracy. Please feel free to be in touch through Chronicle's blog if you can provide additional information regarding location for any of the images.

This is the first book produced since Jim Marshall left us for rock-and-roll heaven on March 24, 2010. His voice has been in my head and his eye has penetrated my vision as I worked with his assistant and the beneficiary of his

estate, Amelia Davis, to review over one thousand frames that would result in the edit of just over one hundred photographs for *The Rolling Stones 1972*. Reconciling this body of work with the short period of time in which it was made is just one more testament to the mastery of Jim Marshall. Prior to this volume, only about twenty of Jim's photographs of the Stones had been nationally published—ten of those were in the 1972 *Life* magazine article. Jim was an incredible editor of his own work—if you haven't seen *Proof* (Chronicle Books, 2004), take a look, as that book is one of the finest examples of his judicious eye. We have made every effort to maintain his strict, high bar of quality for the images included here.

In his lifetime, Jim often spoke of the importance of access and of trust in creating his photographs. I am deeply aware of the trust he invested in me and the access now extended to me by his estate. It remains a great joy to edit and sequence his work, and I wish he were still here to argue with me about it.

If you are interested in learning more about the force that is the Rolling Stones, I suggest the following, which served as resources in the creation of this book:

Cocksucker Blues, documentary by Robert Frank, 1972. Bootleg portions available on YouTube.

George-Warren, Holly, ed. *Rolling Stone: The Complete Covers 1967–1997*. New York: Abrams, 1998.

Gimme Shelter, documentary by Albert and David Maysles, originally released 1970.

Greenfield, Robert. *S.T.P.: A Journey Through America with the Rolling Stones*. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Da Capo Press, 2002.

Loewenstein, Dora and Philip Dodd, eds. *According to the Rolling Stones*. San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 2003.

Richards, Keith. *Life*. New York: Little, Brown, 2010.

Stones in Exile, documentary by Stephen Kijak, U.S. release May 2010.

Wyman, Bill. *Rolling with the Stones*. New York: Dorling Kindersley, 2002.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Jock McDonald,
Jim Marshall at home,
1990s.

First and foremost, deepest appreciation to Amelia Davis, beneficiary of Jim Marshall's estate and manager of Jim Marshall Photography LLC, for her dedication to Jim's legacy and her willingness to proceed with this book amidst many other projects and priorities. Her partner, Bonita Passarelli, remains a key advisor in all matters, and I am thankful for her keen eye and sound judgment, and for my friendship with them both.

Eternal love to the one and only Keith Richards, who made time to share his thoughts about Jim for this book. Special thanks to Steve Bing, Zach Schwartz, Dawn Holliday, and Jane Rose and JJ Emanuel for facilitating contact with Keith and bringing it to fruition.

Longtime Marshall collaborator and friend Joel Selvin provided the introduction and captions, and we are grateful for his sense of humor, deep knowledge of music, and loyalty to Jim. Robert Greenfield, Jasen Emmons, and John Pritzker also served as resources in the development of the book. Jay Blakesberg and Ben Kautt provided key assistance at many steps throughout the process; Dave Brolan, Helene Crawshaw, Michelle Margetts, Mark McKenna, Tony Page, Michael Whalen, and the rest of Team Marshall continue to support efforts around Jim's work with love and enthusiasm. Many thanks also to my husband Brian Marsh, to Jeff Dunas for my initial introduction to Jim, and to Graham Nash for his ongoing inspiration in music and photography.

This is the fifth book of Jim's work released through Chronicle Books, and we are grateful to the staff for their collaboration, especially owner Nion McEvoy, president Jack Jensen, editor Bridget Watson Payne, senior designer Brooke Johnson, and Yolanda Cazares. Thomas Palmer once again provided the duotone separations, and I am honored to be in my second decade of working with him on photography projects.

Special thanks for ongoing support to Theron Kabrich at San Francisco Art Exchange, Guy White at Snap Galleries, and Steven Kasher of Steven Kasher Gallery. We would also like to acknowledge Freddy Fletcher and Caroline Burruss of Austin City Limits Live, and Matt Appleby, Jennifer Powell, and Brett Bornemann of Jack Daniel's for their partnership and interest in Jim's legacy.

Lastly, peace, love, and whiskey to Jim—always. You changed our lives, and I will do all I can to support Amelia in taking good care of your children.

—MDM

Selected by *Life* magazine to cover the 1972 Rolling Stones tour and given only a week of the unlimited access he required, photographer Jim Marshall captured the Stones in their glory on-stage, as well as in the quiet camaraderie behind the scenes. This volume highlights Marshall's internationally known images from the *Exile on Main Street* recording sessions and tour, along with many never-before-seen frames.

A foreword by legendary Stones guitarist Keith Richards offers a first-person glimpse into rock-and-roll history, while an introduction by music critic Joel Selvin establishes the historic significance of the tour and this period of the band's evolution.

THE ROLLING STONES (founded 1962) have influenced international culture over the last fifty years through their music. **KEITH RICHARDS** is a cofounder of the Rolling Stones.

JIM MARSHALL (1936–2010) was one of the pioneers of music photojournalism; through album covers, magazines, books, and exhibitions, his photographs are known around the globe.

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